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# MICHIGAN HISTORY

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## Lewis Cass, Jr. and Pope Pius IX, 1850-58

*Sexson E. Humphreys*

AFTER THE REVOLUTIONARY EXCITEMENT OF 1849 IN ROME<sup>1</sup>, the remaining eight years of the mission of Lewis Cass, Jr. in the Eternal City were of less concentrated activity. He reported on the restoration of Pope Pius IX to his see, helped palliate some of the wounds left by the revolution, had a long period of leave in the United States, was touched by a series of insults in the United States to a papal envoy, was promoted to ministerial rank, and handled some problems of consular personnel and international law.

Finally, after Lewis Cass, Sr. became secretary of state in the administration of President James Buchanan, Cass, Jr. reluctantly resigned his position in the face of Buchanan's strong feelings on the necessity for rotation in office. It was remarkable that Cass could hold his appointment through the administration of the Whigs who had defeated his father for the presidency and then lose it in the Democratic administration which raised his father to the highest position of honor in the elder Cass' career.

The year of 1850 began with a report in the *New York Herald* that Cass had, in December, 1849, saved from flames a two thousand copy edition of a Bible published in Italian by Protestants. The story is unsatisfactorily told. The *Herald's* correspondent reported: "I have not time to detail the circumstances of the transaction, but they are known to all of us here, and we are proud of the conduct of our representative."<sup>2</sup>

At this time, the chargé d'affaires was still "in the habit of thinking over the events of the last summer." Pius had not returned to Rome from Portici, the Naples suburb where he had been guest-in-exile of King Ferdinand II of the Two Sicilies. Even the "acting Gov.t" of cardinals had been "kept in the dark" as to when to expect His Holiness' return, and the diplomatic corps had "twice received notice of his coming, but they proved to be false alarms."

<sup>1</sup>Sexson E. Humphreys, "Lewis Cass Jr. and the Roman Republic of 1849," in *Michigan History*, 40:24-50 (March, 1956).

<sup>2</sup>*New York Herald*, April 12, 1850, cited in Sister Loretta Feiertag, *American Public Opinion on the Diplomatic Relations Between the United States and the Papal States, 1847-1867*, 64 (Washington, 1933).

In a letter to Margaret Fuller Ossoli, then at Florence, Cass was bitter in describing the Roman aftermath of the 1849 revolution. The Boston authoress' husband had been a captain in the republican forces, so Cass knew the Ossolis would hear sympathetically his criticism of affairs in Rome under the commission of cardinals and the French military. Cass was bitter even at the Americans. He said there were "a great many . . . here," and described some of them as "people of respectability and refinement," but said there were "others with whom it is rather trying to be seen in the daylight." However, most of his criticism was leveled at the French and the cardinals:

Rome is in a frightful state. There is no commerce, no credit, no confidence owing to the posture of public affairs. The French are at sword's points with the authorities. The Gov.t is proscriptive beyond all bounds. Fines, imprisonments and banishments are inflicted every day. Scarcely a family has escaped. Even the princely families of the highest rank, the heads of which never participated in the late revolution are punished from day to day for the conduct of some of their members who have joined in the movement.

The Prince of Piombino, day before yesterday, as antirepublican as any man in Italy, was offered as a mark of great lenity, the alternative between a fine of eight thousand scudi and exile. He chose the former.

I have twice, without any volition of my own, by circumstances, been thrust between the Cardinals and the creatures whom they were hunting down, and I gave them my mind with a freedom which I expected would be followed by cessation of diplomatic relations. For that, however, I cared very little. The last time I addressed them, which was in reference to a woman, who had implored American protection, it seemed to me, after I had said my say, which I did as insolently as possible, that there would be a better chance of right and justice, in addressing a convocation of wild beasts, than such impersonations of bigotry and pride and selfishness.

The Cardinals are overdoing their work. A terrible reaction must come or human nature will give the lie to the history of centuries. The priests will wake up some morning to a second and better edition of the late revolution, from which there will be no escape. And if the same measure overtake the French, who have made the Romans drink of this bitter cup, there will be some hope of national retribution even in these degenerate days.

Preparations are in progress for the Carnival, not with much spirit, however. The Cardinals have opposed any such demonstration, as

disrespectful to the Pope, but the French have insisted upon its usual observance, and carried their point.<sup>3</sup>

In none of his official dispatches did Cass mention any "insolent" brushes with the Roman authorities or any occasions which might have been "followed by cessation of diplomatic relations." Indeed, in the light of what he had said about the vindictiveness of the cardinals toward ex-republicans, it was rather surprising that he should have written Mrs. Ossoli that he did not believe her husband "would experience any molestation from the Gov.t" if they should wish to return to Rome. He did offer to "ascertain beforehand." Apparently the Ossolis made no effort to return.<sup>4</sup>

In February, 1850, Cass wrote both to Mrs. Ossoli and Secretary of State John M. Clayton that peace had been fully restored in Rome, following the revolutionary conditions of the previous year. He told Clayton: "Public tranquility is completely restored."<sup>5</sup> He wrote to Mrs. Ossoli: "Rome has subsided into its usual tranquility."<sup>6</sup> The two sentences seem to agree, but what followed does not agree. The official dispatch went on to say:

The disastrous effects of the late revolution have been in a great been (*sic*) effaced by the liberal measures adopted since the reestablishment of the Pontifical authority. . . . The Pope, deferring to their [France's and Spain's] demands, has announced his intention to adopt a system of government more in character with the progress of the age, and the wants of his subjects.<sup>7</sup>

The personal letter may have been designed to be what the Ossolis wanted to read or may have reflected Cass' own private opinion. It said:

But every now and then this tranquility is interrupted by collisions between the people and French soldiers, and by the proscriptive course of the Government, which is hunting out, with fiendish ferocity every

<sup>3</sup>Emma Detti, *Margaret Fuller Ossoli e i suoi corrispondenti*, 336-37 (Florence, 1942). The Prince of Piombino, mentioned in this letter, was the head of the Boncompagni-Ludovisi family, which lost its sovereignty in the Napoleonic period and was pensioned off at the Congress of Vienna.

<sup>4</sup>Detti, *Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, 337.

<sup>5</sup>Lewis Cass, Jr. to Secretary of State John M. Clayton, Dispatch No. 21, February 15, 1850, in Leo Francis Stock, *United States Ministers to the Papal States: Instructions and Despatches, 1848-1868*, 63 (Washington, 1933).

<sup>6</sup>Detti, *Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, 339. This letter is dated February 24, 1850.

<sup>7</sup>Cass to Clayton, No. 21, February 15, 1850, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 63.

individual who is tainted with republicanism. They might as well undertake to exhaust the ocean by draining it, as to eradicate this spirit. From all I can see and learn, it is extending daily, and there will be a development some day, which will terminate very differently from the late revolution. . . .

I am still at the old Hotel de Russie, where my days and nights have passed quietly enough. . . . But Rome is no longer the Rome it was, and the condition of things at times has made me inexpressibly sad and melancholy. But I will not inflict upon you any of my despondency. I begin to think life is a great hunting, not worth the toil of struggling through it.<sup>8</sup>

This was to be Cass' last letter to the onetime editor of *The Dial*. The series of revealing letters was interrupted by the Ossolis' departure in May for the United States and ended by their deaths on July 19 in a shipwreck off Fire Island, New York. Henceforth we lack this sort of unofficial glimpse into the mind of the envoy in Rome.

The final letter to the Ossolis, besides reporting on Cass' melancholia, had announced a "most astonishing influx of our countrymen" into Rome. The tourists did not cheer Cass, who said some of them were "acting very indiscreetly," so that he feared they might be invited to leave papal territories.<sup>9</sup>

A more important result of the "influx of our countrymen" was reported by Cass in his next dispatch to Clayton, dated March 9. He wrote that the "unusually large number" of Americans in Rome that winter had made inconvenient the customary private Protestant worship in the legation. Because of this inconvenience to the worshippers a "Reverend Mr. Hastings" held a service at an unspecified place away from the legation. The minister was not otherwise identified by Cass. But clues to his identity are furnished by two other students of Italo-American relations at this time. Dr. Howard R. Marraro lists him as being from Boston and Sister Loretta Clare Feiertag says he wrote articles for publication in the *Evangelist*, New York publication of the Tract Society.<sup>10</sup> He may have been a Congregationalist, like his successor, the Rev. Alexander Wilson McClure. In 1859, when Cass' own successor, John P. Stockton, named the Rev. William Chauncey Langdon, an Episcopalian, to

<sup>8</sup>Detti, *Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, 339-40.

<sup>9</sup>Detti, *Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, 340.

<sup>10</sup>Feiertag, *American Public Opinion*, 68.

take charge of legation services, the American and Foreign Christian Union (a Congregationalist organization) claimed the prior right.<sup>11</sup>

At the conclusion of Mr. Hasting's first service, according to Cass, "he received a communication from the police authorities, enjoining upon him a discontinuance of such exercises in the future, upon penalty of expulsion from the Roman States." When Cass learned of the circumstances, he obtained an interview with the pontifical secretary of state, Giacomo Cardinal Antonelli. Cass describes the conversation thus:

I informed him that the Constitution of the United States forbids the establishment of religion by law; but that it protects every person, who does not interrupt the peace of Society, in the exercise of his religion, of whatever denomination. I said, moreover, that in the absence of any convention or treaty, I did not feel authorized to demand, as a right, the same full and unrestricted liberty of worship for citizens of the United States, in Rome, as is guaranteed by our Constitution to subjects of the Pope, as well as to all other nations; but that as a concession, granted by the Head of the Catholic Church, such a privilege, I doubted not would be highly gratifying to my Government, which had taken the initiative in the establishment of political relations between the two countries. In a spirit of religious freedom and liberality most commendable, the Cardinal Secretary of State, after a brief consultation with other members of the Government, acceded to my request; and it is with great pleasure that I announce to you, Sir, this honorable act of toleration.

Cass said specifically "that religious worship, according to the forms of the Protestant Church, is now permitted, for the first time, by the Pontifical Government, to citizens of the United States, in the city of Rome."<sup>12</sup>

So far as can be learned, such a right had not previously been granted to subjects of the other important Protestant states—Great Britain, Prussia, and the Netherlands—which had diplomatic relations with the Papal States and was not granted to them during the period the Papal States continued, except under the protection of diplomatic coats of arms. It was this very question, of whether Americans did have the right, over which the United States legation to the Papal States finally was closed at the end of 1867. Ap-

<sup>11</sup>Walter Lowrie, *Fifty Years of St. Paul's American Church, Rome* (Rome, 1926).

<sup>12</sup>Cass to Clayton, No. 22, March 9, 1850, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 64-65.

parently, however, the right was not further questioned during Cass' mission. Cass had made the request at a moment when the pontifical government was not saying no. His action in obtaining the only known sanction of open Protestant worship in Papal Rome probably is the most historic phase of his mission.

On March 1, a correspondent of the New York *Herald* wrote that he had attended the Hastings services "at which were present all our countrymen in Rome." That newsman said the British had been trying for sixty years to achieve the right to hold services within the walls and that they had been unsuccessful. He quoted the London *Chronicle* as complaining at the discrimination.<sup>13</sup>

That same month, Cass forwarded Antonelli's announcement that the pope would soon return from Portici.<sup>14</sup> On April 12, Pius IX did return, accompanied by the College of Cardinals. He was met at the city gate by the diplomatic corps (including Cass), the noble guard and a detachment of French troops. The New York *Herald* correspondent said it was noted that the pope "had shown great partiality" to the American envoy. First stop inside the walls was at St. John Lateran, where a *te deum* was said. Then a similar ceremony was performed at St. Peter's. Afterward, the diplomatic corps, according to Cass, conducted His Holiness to the Vatican palace, "which he has selected for his future residence, in preference to the Quirinal, the usual official residence of the Popes." Pius exchanged salutations in the throne room with each member of the corps and then withdrew to the private apartments prepared for him.

On April 19, Pius IX gave Cass a special audience and was "cordial in a high degree." He took the American envoy's hand and assured him it was an "extreme pleasure" to resume the relations, "so unfortunately interrupted" by the revolution, "with a country for which he entertained a very high regard." He spoke of the monetary contributions which he had received in his exile from American Catholics. And he "alluded, likewise, [said Cass] to the services which it was in my power to render to the cause of humanity, during the period of the Siege, and stated it to be his intention, in a fitting occasion, to express the sense thereof to the President."<sup>15</sup>

<sup>13</sup>Feiertag, *American Public Opinion*, 56 note and 63-65.

<sup>14</sup>Cass to Clayton, No. 23, March 27, 1850, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 66.

<sup>15</sup>Cass to Clayton, No. 24, April 20, 1850, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 66-67.

Unfortunately, there is no official report in Cass' dispatches or elsewhere, so far as this writer knows, which details these "services." The thanks might, of course, have covered some of Cass' acts of mediation during the siege. But since Cass, in his particular policy of omitting some of his most important actions from his official reports, had never mentioned any of these incidents to Clayton, he did not mention them now. Perhaps he still preferred that the mention should come from the pope. The *Catholic Encyclopedia* indicates that Cass' thanks included mention of the envoy's role in protecting the College of the Propaganda Fide from rioters at the time of Giuseppe Garibaldi's arrival to become general of the republican army. The story is told in the *New York Herald*, with no date for the incident given. The account says that a mob had gathered before the college where Catholic missionaries were trained and in which there were seven Americans. A cannon had been turned on it and the mob was threatening to destroy the building, according to the report, when Cass appeared. The mob was said to have dispersed after a night of demonstrations. The journalist wrote:

I have heard these circumstances from the lips of the inmates. . . . The Pope as well as other dignitaries of the Church, among whom, to my knowledge, is the Bishop of Baltimore, have expressed to Mr. Cass, as it was proper and fitting they should do, their thanks for the services thus rendered.<sup>16</sup>

The same newspaper said that its foreign correspondent, "J.B.P.," was present when Cass was entertained at the Propaganda, at some time after the papal return to Rome, and "was presented with two books containing inscriptions in all the sixty-eight languages used by the students of that college."<sup>17</sup>

Another New York paper, the *Courier and Enquirer*, in a dispatch by Col. James Watson Webb, attributed to Cass the honor of having prevented execution of a republican plan "to mine and blow up St. Peter's and other great architectural monuments before the entrance of the French into Rome, in order that the latter might have

<sup>16</sup>*New York Herald*, April 12, 1850, cited in Feiertag, *American Public Opinion*, 56. Entry on Paul Cullen, *Catholic Encyclopedia*, 4:565 (New York, 1908). See also Humphreys, "Lewis Cass Jr. and the Roman Republic," in *Michigan History*, 40:30-38, 40.

<sup>17</sup>*New York Herald*, July 2, 1850, cited in Feiertag, *American Public Opinion*, 56.

a barren victory."<sup>18</sup> Gen. Giuseppe Avezzana, the republican minister of war, denied anyone had "thought of" such a thing as blowing up St. Peter's. He mentioned in proof that sufficient explosive material was lacking. Cass himself was quoted on another occasion in the *New York Mirror* as having said and then denied saying that the Triumvirate once possessed only seven cartridges. *The Times* of London had spoken of a report that Giuseppe Mazzini, Avezzana, and Garibaldi had ideas of reducing Rome to a heap of ruins at their surrender and the *New York Journal of Commerce* carried a similar story, saying it was Garibaldi's suggestion.<sup>19</sup>

Cass' description of his April 19 audience continued:

With great frankness, he [Pius] spoke of his late efforts to introduce liberal reforms into his State, and of the difficulties which he had encountered, adding that he had learned by painful experience that it required much caution and prudence to prepare his people for an order of things to which they had not been accustomed. Far from being disheartened, however, by the late untoward result of his political experiments, he stated, with a firmness and consistency which does him no small honor, it to be his intention to pursue the same course in the future, and on all practicable occasions to introduce into his government salutary measures of reform, which he admitted to be much needed.

Cass made a warm reply:

In replying to the observation of His Holiness, I took occasion to say, that the President, in resuming diplomatic relations with his government, represented as his predecessor had done in opening them, the wishes of the American people, who were looking with interest and solicitude to the results of the wise and liberal policy, which he had adopted, and who fully appreciated the difficulties which beset his path; that the Catholic Church, of the members of which he had spoken, was not merely tolerated with us, but enjoyed the same rights under our Constitution and was precisely on the same footing with other denominations; and that if it had grown in numbers and respectability, it was under the auspices of freedom and equality; and, finally that I would be happy to do everything in my power to promote the cordial regard which has so extensively prevailed since his accession to the Pontifical throne.<sup>20</sup>

<sup>18</sup>*New York Courier and Enquirer*, July 16 and 29, 1850, cited in Feiertag, *American Public Opinion*, 57.

<sup>19</sup>*L'Esule Italiano*, no date, quoted in *Courier and Enquirer*, July 29, 1850. *New York Mirror*, no date, quoted in *Boston Evening Transcript*, June 27, 1849. *New York Tribune*, July 16, 1849. *New York Journal of Commerce*, Aug. 1, 1849. All cited in Feiertag, *American Public Opinion*, 57.

<sup>20</sup>Cass to Clayton, No. 24, April 20, 1850, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 66-67.

If Cass retained any of the bitterness which he formerly communicated to Margaret Fuller Ossoli, he concealed it well, for he now told Clayton that if public demonstrations represented popular sentiment, the pope's return gave "universal satisfaction." He compared the pontiff's journey, from the time he crossed the Papal States' border from the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies to his arrival at the Vatican "to the triumphal processions of old" Rome and said that all classes of citizens joined in the welcome "with tokens of deepest respect and attachment."<sup>21</sup>

The state department, meanwhile, had been persuaded to seek approval of L. W. Jerome, not better identified by Cass, as American consul at Ravenna. Cass made application on May 4 for the exequatur. Ravenna is the ancient city which was for more than a century the capital of the Western Roman Empire. It has great treasures of Byzantine art and architecture, and—from nearly a thousand years later—the tomb of Dante. But it has never been among the half-dozen leading tourist meccas of Italy and its harbor was long ago silted in by the Po delta. In modern times, the city has been miles from the Adriatic, its port reached only by a small canal. On July 20, Antonelli replied to the request for exequatur:

No American Consul has ever been recognized for the city of Ravenna. In the memory of man, the American Flag has never floated in the Port of Ravenna. It has no commerce with the United States, and consequently there would appear to be no need of such consulate.

The cardinal said, however, that if the American chargé could provide sufficient reason for the appointment of a consul at Ravenna, the request would "receive the most favorable consideration."<sup>22</sup> Cass relayed the refusal to Clayton with the explanation that:

The objection does not in the least degree . . . proceed from any hostile or unfavorable sentiment toward the United States, but solely from the reluctance, always exhibited by the Papal authorities, to the introduction of foreign agents, of whatever capacity or nation, into the remote districts of the dominion of the Pope. . . . I am convinced the presence of a consul is not in the least degree required at Ravenna. It

<sup>21</sup>Cass to Clayton, No. 24, April 20, 1850, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 66-67.

<sup>22</sup>Giacomo Cardinal Antonelli, Pontifical Secretary of State, to Lewis Cass, Jr., Rome, July 20, 1850, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 73.

is rarely or never visited by American travelers, and possesses no maritime commerce whatever.<sup>23</sup>

The early summer of 1850 also provided Cass with a fantastic story, worthy of an eighteenth century romance. A man and woman, both Italians and servants of a Britisher named Smith, came to Cass to plead for assistance to their mistress. The pair came to Cass (who apparently spent the summer in the Eternal City, just as he had been required to do in the previous year of revolution and siege) because there was no British envoy or consul present in Rome. They recounted that the woman's husband had lured her into one of the subterranean dungeons of the Villa Palatina, which Smith was said to own and which was built on the ruins of Roman Caesars' palaces, and confined her in a dark, mouldering cell. The servants said it took them two days to find her there. Cass notified police, who went to the villa and removed Mrs. Smith—unconscious, Cass wrote—from her dungeon. A few days later her husband had her taken to an obscure convent, "accusing her of an intention to elope with three different individuals, of whom I [Cass] was named as one." Now the Austrian ambassador stepped into the drama and caused an investigation by ecclesiastical authorities, which resulted in Mrs. Smith's second liberation. Smith left Rome, "highly incensed at the action of the Government." Previous to his departure, he caused a calumnious report to be circulated, charging me [Cass] with improper conduct towards his wife." The story ended with Cass reporting: "It is the general opinion that he is deranged, and certainly his conduct warrants this belief."<sup>24</sup>

The change of administration and appointment by President Millard Fillmore of Daniel Webster as secretary of state inspired Cass to review the Roman situation. Cass was impressed that the pontifical government seemed of itself to "inspire neither fear nor respect." In every part of the Papal States, he reported, obedience was "directly proportional to the power of military coercion" applied by French and Austrian troops. He referred to a published letter of Louis Napoleon to a Colonel Ney, dated August 18, 1849, expressing the French president's determination to hold Pius to the

<sup>23</sup>Cass to Clayton, No. 30, August 5, 1850, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 73.

<sup>24</sup>Cass to Clayton, No. 27, June 14, 1850, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 70-71.

constitutional engagements he took at the beginning of his pontificate and making a secularized government the condition of restoration of secular authority.<sup>25</sup> According to Cass, the letter had embarrassed the pope, who had been disposed to grant those conditions but not to be humiliated into granting them at Louis Napoleon's public demand. The Cass dispatch continued:

To stand thus upon a question of personal vanity, in the midst of his people's sufferings, seems hardly worthy of a sovereign Prince; more especially, of one, whose mission, as a priest, is to inculcate humility, who is bound to exemplify as well as preach self-denial, and who boasts as his title of honor, *servus servorum Dei*. The Romans say, and perhaps not altogether without justice, that there is more of humiliation to a Pope returning to Rome by the heralding of French cannon, than in doing what is unquestionably right even when a French President commands it. In the meantime a French army of occupation compels the Romans to submit to the very form of government which the French authorities repudiate.

Cass went on to discuss the sad state of pontifical finances, with a state deficit of nine million scudi. He believed the conditions were so bad "as no nation perhaps ever witnessed before." And he remarked at the "studied and elaborate manner in which the feelings and position of the Pope are kept constantly before the people, with every profound deference for his misfortunes." But returning to the possibility of governmental reform, the chargé d'affaires said that when he had recently presented to Pius several citizens of the United States (not better identified), the pope had "alluded, without reserve, to his late efforts to introduce reforms into his states, and to the difficulties he had encountered, adding that it was his intention to pursue the same course in the future, on all practical occasions."<sup>26</sup>

This is more criticism than Clayton ever heard of the papal government from Cass. Whether the change grew out of the developments in the situation at Rome or out of the change in administration at home cannot be known. Certainly, however, Webster was as much a Whig as Clayton.

<sup>25</sup>Luigi Carlo Farini, *The Roman State*, translated by William Ewart Gladstone, 4:281-82 (London, 1854).

<sup>26</sup>Lewis Cass, Jr. to Secretary of State Daniel Webster, No. 34, October 15, 1850, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 75-77.

A month later Cass told Webster that the papal government sought to pursue a domestic policy of "vigorous military measures, which are indisputably requisite to restore tranquility and security to this afflicted country," and of adoption of the constitution "digested previously to the late revolution." He said there was much discontent in the Papal States because of the large numbers of occupying troops, but that the troops were needed to keep down unrest and the marauders, many of whom, he said, were peasants drilled imperfectly for military service by the republic and henceforward subsisting as bandits. He spoke of recent penal measures against officers of the papal army who had deserted during the revolution and against politicians of the republican era, and reported that the "prisons remain filled with political offenders." The September 16 amnesty Cass considered "in every respect insufficient" and said it had so many exceptions it was difficult to see to whom it applied.<sup>27</sup>

It must have been in such a spirit as the one in which that dispatch was written that Cass undertook to arrange the release from prison of "13 young Romans of fine character and high standing, among them five counts and a marquis." The matter was reported later in a New York newspaper, although Cass seems not to have informed the state department. The newspaper report is that the thirteen were imprisoned in Castel Sant'Angelo and d'Anzo because of participation in the revolution. Because of their republican sentiments, the papal government was unwilling to free them, but was willing to exile them. But there was difficulty finding any European nation of that moment which was willing to grant asylum to revolutionists. Cass is said to have proposed to the Roman government that they be sent to California. According to the story, he engaged to pay \$3,000 himself for their transportation in a French ship. The cardinals were reported to have accepted the proposal and to have agreed to liberate the prisoners nine days before the ship's departure, just in time for them to reach the seaport from

<sup>27</sup>Cass to Webster, No. 35, November 14, 1850, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 78-80. For opinion in the United States at the same time on the "tyrannies that followed the restoration of 1849," see Howard R. Marraro, "Il problema religiosa del Risorgimento Italiano visto dagli Americani," in *Rassegna storica del Risorgimento*, 43:468 (July-September, 1956).

which the vessel was sailing.<sup>28</sup> Unfortunately, efforts to identify the young Romans or the ship have proved unavailing.

At year's end Cass reported that five cardinal legates had been appointed to rule the Papal States more effectively, a step to restoration of pontifical control over the whole area. In the outlying area were twenty thousand Austrian troops, being supported wholly at papal expense—\$100,000 a month. The pope wished to have the number reduced to twelve thousand but the Austrian authorities considered that affairs were not yet quiet enough. The Roman government was insisting and seeking French support of the demand. Cass pointed out that France, as an "example of generosity," was paying the expenses of its ten thousand troops, which were stationed in the area around Rome.<sup>29</sup>

In mid-February of 1851, Cardinal Antonelli suggested to Cass the negotiation of a commercial treaty between the United States and the Papal States. The chargé saw this as a symptom of a more liberal commercial policy that already had removed many of the old trade restrictions and brought about a considerable increase in trade from the United States, despite continued "ominous monopolies and frivolous impediments." The cardinal said he believed a treaty would be beneficial and said the situation was particularly favorable for negotiation of an advantageous arrangement for import of coffee.<sup>30</sup> Mention of cotton or tobacco would have made such negotiations more attractive to the United States. Apparently Antonelli's suggestion was not followed up.

A small cloud had come into the sky. The *North American and United States Gazette* of January 6 carried a report that the "American Protestant chapel" had been closed because of "representations made by the Cardinal Vicar General and the Cardinal of Propaganda."<sup>31</sup> On March 18 Cass received a bundle of newspapers which included that rumor. He immediately wrote to say that the report was "altogether erroneous. Religious services continue to be held there every Sunday, and I have reason to believe, that it will

<sup>28</sup>Howard R. Marraro, *American Opinion on the Unification of Italy*, 174 (New York, 1932).

<sup>29</sup>Cass to Webster, No. 37, December 28, 1850, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 80-82.

<sup>30</sup>Cass to Webster, No. 39, February 14, 1851, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 83.

<sup>31</sup>Cited in Feiertag, *American Public Opinion*, 64-65 and notes.

remain unmolested so long as no charge is established against it as a missionary institution." Cass explained that the existence of the Protestant meetingplace had naturally created much talk and that there had been a general expectation, both among Catholic clergy and among "Protestant strangers" in Rome, that the toleration would be countermanded. He said it was true that "protests . . . against the exercise of the privilege have been addressed to the Papal Government from all quarters, but the Pope does not appear disposed to yield to the intolerant spirit of the remonstrators."<sup>32</sup>

Much of the reporting Cass did in 1851 was on the sorry political and economic conditions of the Papal States. "Every liberal man who has the regeneration of Italy at heart," he wrote in May, "must be painfully affected by the present conditions and prospects of this glorious country." He said the papal realm was divided between French and Austrian occupation without belonging to either of those countries, and hence followed an "unsteady and vacillating" policy. He said there was greater unrest than at any time since restoration of papal rule, "constant activity of the revolutionary societies," and even a celebration at Perugia of the republic's anniversary. He thought the existing clerical government was tending "to return to the old system, with all its abuses, which existed previously to the late revolution, and which, in fact, was the cause of it." But he thought there was a possibility of formation of a new cabinet which might concede several reforms. Should that not occur, Cass feared "a great majority of the inhabitants . . . are willing . . . to encounter the horrors of a second revolution."<sup>33</sup>

In August, he spoke of a new, "invidious" tax on commerce, industry and arts, and of "the tobacco persecution" resulting from the monopoly and from brigandage on the roads and city streets. He said there were "almost daily collisions and loss of life" resulting from animosity between the inhabitants and the French troops and between the Roman and French soldiers. Cass observed that the clashes between the troops generally were provoked by the French,

<sup>32</sup>Cass to Webster, No. 40, March 18, 1851, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 84.

<sup>33</sup>Cass to Webster, No. 42, May 24, 1851, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 85-86.

but that "the want of discipline in the Roman army immediately brings the dispute to a sanguinary termination."<sup>34</sup>

In October he said Rome was quiet only because "the people . . . dare not be otherwise" in face of the occupying forces. He spoke of political assassinations as being of "frequent occurrence" and he criticized a new decree permitting banishment from Rome to his native district of anyone born in the provinces and accused of republican sentiments. He summed up:

The present state of things in this country is very lamentable, and many are of the opinion it cannot last. There is not much ground, however, for such a supposition.<sup>35</sup>

By November, however, he felt "assured that the social and political elements now at work in this country must eventuate, ere long, in strife and revolution." He said the papal government, and others on the continent, were committing

a very grave indiscretion . . . in confounding the extreme and violent revolutionists with the other friends of sober constitutional freedom, regarding them with one common hatred, and treating them with indiscriminate severity. They have thus combined all their opponents into one mighty mass. . . . Not a day elapses which does not see quiet liberals converted into uncompromising republicans . . . with avowed, acknowledged reluctance.<sup>36</sup>

December brought a glimpse of some of the personal problems involved in Cass' mission to Rome. Answering a circular dispatch regarding the idea of establishing a graduated scale of diplomatic salaries, the Michigan diplomat said he was paying \$1,700 a year for his apartment, "merely suitable to my official position, without being of an extravagant or inferior character." He added that rents, wages, carriage hire "and in particular, fuel and lights, are enormously high" in Rome in comparison with other European cities. He said his contingent fund of \$500 a year was insufficient even to pay his postage—16 cents for a newspaper from the United States, 83 cents for a letter.<sup>37</sup>

<sup>34</sup>Cass to Webster, No. 44, August 17, 1851, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 87-88.

<sup>35</sup>Cass to Webster, No. 45, October 17, 1851, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 89-90.

<sup>36</sup>Cass to Webster, No. 46, November 14, 1851, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 90-91.

<sup>37</sup>Cass to Webster, No. 48, December 7, 1851, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 91-92.

Two consular changes occurred early in 1852. In March, Cass was notified by Webster that another appointment had been made to Ravenna, that of James W. Irwin, a Kentuckian. "Should the Government of His Holiness renew the objections," Cass was told to state "that in view of the large number of Americans traveling in the Pontifical States, and the increase of American commerce in the Mediterranean," it had been "thought proper to create a Consulate at Ravenna." He also was informed that the United States "expected from the well known friendship of His Holiness' Government the recognition of Mr. Irwin."<sup>38</sup> Although this in no sense represented an answer to the previous papal objections, they were apparently not renewed and Irwin served at Ravenna for eleven years. In May, William C. Sanders notified Webster from Mobile, Alabama, that he was resigning the consulate at Rome. He had served since 1849, apparently leaving most of his duties to be performed by the Frenchman, Antoine Ardisson, who perennially assisted both the United States minister and consul in Rome. There had been complaints over the fact that Ardisson, a foreigner, performed American consular duties. But Cass himself complained that Sanders had "quitted the city abruptly, without apprising me of contemplated departure."<sup>39</sup> No new consul was named for Rome until 1856. Between them, Cass and Ardisson did the consular work.

In October, Cass wrote of negotiations between the Vatican and Sir Henry Bulwer, British minister to Tuscany, regarding possible reestablishment of the British legation in Rome. The mission had been established early in Pius' pontificate but had been suspended since 1847. Then Cass returned to the refrain of his previous year's reports:

The occupation of this city by French troops, and of the provinces by Austrian, still continues. The Pope is confessedly unable to maintain his temporal power without foreign aid. . . . This deplorable condition, it is thought, has somewhat impaired his influence as head of the

<sup>38</sup>Webster to Cass, No. 19, March 15, 1852, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 92-93.

<sup>39</sup>William C. Sanders to Daniel Webster, Mobile, Ala., May 27, 1852, in Leo Francis Stock, *Consular Relations between the United States and the Papal States: Instructions and Despatches*, 187 (Washington, 1945). Cass to Secretary of State William L. Marcy, No. 63, February 15, 1855, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 103-6.

church, investing him with some of that odium that attaches to several of the monarchs of Europe, and even rendering him liable to their fate.<sup>40</sup>

In the spring of 1853, President Franklin Pierce's secretary of state, William L. Marcy, granted Cass a four-months' leave of absence to visit the United States. The leave was extended to November 1.<sup>41</sup>

The leave obviously was related to the change of administration. Cass apparently had been unwilling to get very far from Rome while the Whigs were in power with the Taylor-Fillmore administration. But even with the Democrats back in office, there might be some question as to whether the preconvention presidential candidacy of Lewis Cass, Sr. would be held against his son by the successful compromise candidate. It seems likely that Cass, Jr. both desired a visit home and an opportunity in person to assure his continuation in the mission at Rome. He apparently got the assurance he wished.

There is a letter of Giuseppe Mazzini's, written from London in July, 1853, to Giacomo Acerbi in Genoa, which claims that Mazzini and Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian revolutionary, had worked on behalf of Pierce's election with the large German element in the United States—"on some conditions, which he [Pierce] accepted." Chief among the conditions mentioned by Mazzini was that Pierce "was to appoint American agents in Europe who would sympathize with and help us, and almost all his appointments have been as we desired them." Mazzini said Pierce also "promised to instruct his diplomatic agents to recognize *immediately* [the italics are Mazzini's] any revolutionary republican government established in some province of Italy or Hungary—and he affirms he has done so."<sup>42</sup>

This, of course, raises the interesting question of how much influence Mazzini did have with Pierce. To argue that he had any considerable influence is to base one's reasoning on the fact that Pierce made several appointments from the ranks of the Democratic party faction known as Young America. This group was conceived

<sup>40</sup>Cass to Webster, No. 51, October 26, 1852, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 93-95.

<sup>41</sup>Secretary of State William L. Marcy to Lewis Cass, Jr., Instructions No. 20, April 1, 1853, cited in Stock *United States Ministers*, 97 note.

<sup>42</sup>The translation is by Joseph Rossi in *The Image of America in Mazzini's Writings*, 93 (Madison, 1954). The letter in autograph is in the Museo del Risorgimento in Rome (fonda E. Nathan). In the "national edition" of Giuseppe Mazzini's *Scritti editi ed inediti* (Imola, 1906-43) the letter appears at 49:279-80.

as somewhat comparable to Mazzini's Young Italy and to the Young Germany and Young Ireland organizations. The emergence of the Young America group was related to the failure of the 1848 revolutions in Europe, in which Mazzini had a large role, and especially to Kossuth's triumphal visit to the United States. Its particular political purpose was the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas as Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1852. Leader of the faction and editor of its organ, *Democratic Review*, was George N. Sanders. In the Pierce appointments, he was named consul at London. There he ostentatiously entertained Mazzini, Kossuth, Giuseppe Garibaldi, Felice Orsini, Alexandre August Ledru-Rollin, and other revolutionaries. But he remained in his post only eight months because the Senate rejected his nomination, 29 to 10.

Other Young American adherents and sympathizers with revolution in Europe also got appointments under Pierce—former Louisiana Senator Pierre Soulé as minister to Madrid, Theodore S. Fay as minister to Switzerland, August Belmont as minister to the Netherlands, and A. Dudley Mann as assistant secretary of state. Mazzini claimed he got "confirmation" of Pierce's recognition instructions from Soulé as the Louisianian passed through London.<sup>43</sup> But no such instructions are of record and Soulé did not keep the Madrid post much longer than Sanders' stay in London.<sup>44</sup>

It was in Italy, of course, where Mazzini was most in need of special friends. If he had any agreement with Pierce, he was ill-repaid in Italy.

Cass, who remained in the Rome post, certainly favored Mazzini's cause. But Mazzini did not favor Cass. He never forgave him for failure to recognize the 1849 Republic of Rome. Just after Kossuth's return from the United States, Mazzini proposed that they seek to have Cass recalled.<sup>45</sup> Kossuth vetoed the idea "out of consideration for his father," and indicated it might be better to have Cass, Sr. "write him a few words of advice."<sup>46</sup> The elder Cass, perhaps to forward his presidential candidacy, had put himself on record in January, 1852, by introducing a Senate resolution to the effect that

<sup>43</sup>Mazzini, *Scritti*, 49:316-18.

<sup>44</sup>Merle E. Curti, *Probing Our Past*, 219-45 (New York, 1955). Rossi, *Image of America*, 93-104.

<sup>45</sup>Rossi, *Image of America*, 72.

<sup>46</sup>Mario Menghini, "Luigi Kossuth nel suo carteggio con Giuseppe Mazzini," *Rassegna storica del Risorgimento*, 8:151 (January-March, 1921).

the United States had not seen nor could they again see, without deep concern, the intervention of European powers to crush national independence.<sup>47</sup> Cass, Sr. and Secretary of State Marcy, on the other hand, were the chief persons on whom Young America had placed its "old fogey" label.

Named by Pierce as the United States envoy to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies was the "Hoosier Democrat," Robert Dale Owen. As might have been expected from a product of the traditions of New Lanark, New Harmony, and Jacksonian Democracy, Owen took to Naples a warm republicanism. But he was absolutely punctilious in his diplomatic correctness toward the Bourbon court. There is no reason to believe he gave any kind of comfort to any Mazzinians who might have existed in southern Italy or Sicily.<sup>48</sup>

The third United States diplomat in Italy during the Pierce administration was John Moncure Daniel, who came from a pair of eminent Virginia families. Merle Curti lists him as "favorably disposed" toward Young America.<sup>49</sup> But he does not seem to have been favorably disposed toward Mazzini. At one time he wrote in an official dispatch that "vanity has been at the bottom of all his professions and actions." He called him sarcastically "Mazzini the Patriot."<sup>50</sup> At another time he said "Mazzini and all the rest of that extravagant clique" had "ruined the Italian revolution of 1849" because "they care nothing in fact either for a republic or for Italy. Their real object is power."<sup>51</sup> Daniel, who was before and after his Turin episode editor of the *Richmond Examiner*, looked with more or less equal scorn on Italian royalists and republicans; he once wrote to his newspaper that the court "stank of onions and garlic." Daniel had one opportunity early in his stay at Turin to choose between Mazzini's side and that of the House of Savoy. The Pierce administration chose as its consul at Genoa, Eleuterio Felice Foresti, a republican exile from Lombardy who had become teacher of

<sup>47</sup>*Congressional Globe*, volume 24, part 1, page 310, (32 Congress, 1 session) (Washington, D.C., 1852).

<sup>48</sup>Sexson E. Humphreys, "New Considerations on the Mission of Robert Dale Owen to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, 1853-58," in *Indiana Magazine of History*, 46: 1-24 (March, 1950).

<sup>49</sup>Curti, *Probing Our Past*, 226.

<sup>50</sup>John M. Daniel, U.S. minister to Sardinia, to Secretary of State William Marcy, No. 58, Turin, November 27, 1856, in the United States Archives.

<sup>51</sup>John M. Daniel to Secretary of State Lewis Cass, Sr., No. 169, Turin, September 25, 1860, in United States Archives.

Italian at Columbia University and leader of the Mazzinians in New York City. Daniel reported to the state department the unwillingness of the Italian foreign minister, Gen. Giuseppe Dabormida, to grant an exequatur to Foresti, on grounds that Foresti would be less the United States consul at Genoa than the chargé d'affaires of Mazzini in Italy. Daniel upheld Dabormida as "perfectly sincere" in his objections.<sup>52</sup> Apparently Mazzini had exaggerated how much Pierce and Pierce's appointees—especially those in Italy—were obligated to him.

Cass, Jr. came to the United States about the same time as a papal nuncio, Archbishop Gaetano Bedini. Bedini's visit was the occasion of some of the most violent outbreaks of the Know-Nothing period in United States history.

Cass notified the department of state on March 20, 1853, of Bedini's projected visit, to deliver a personal letter from Pius IX to President Pierce.<sup>53</sup> Bedini had been named the papal nuncio to Brazil and ostensibly was stopping in the United States on his way to his new post. In fact, he did not go on to Brazil. He was sent to the United States to discuss conditions of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States with Archbishop John Hughes of New York. Apparently he also was under instructions to sound out American opinion on the possibility of a regular nuncio to the United States.<sup>54</sup>

The papal letter, dated March 31, 1853, introduced Bedini as titular archbishop of Thebes and envoy to the imperial court of Brazil and as "a man eminently distinguished for the sterling qualities of mind and heart." It asked President Pierce "earnestly . . . to ex-

<sup>52</sup>Daniel to Marcy, No. 3, November 28, 1853, in United States Archives. In a letter of November 5, 1955, to the writer of this article, Joseph Rossi, the scholar who has studied most carefully the relations of Mazzini to the United States, said: "I don't think Mazzini had any influence on Pierce's appointments. When he claimed he did he was not boasting as much as he was deceiving himself. . . . The only appointment that one could conceivably attribute to the influence of Mazzini and his friends would be the first consular appointment of Foresti [the one considered here]. But even in this case it could be maintained that his appointment was due to his reputation as a scholar and gentleman."

<sup>53</sup>Lewis Cass, Jr. to Secretary of State Edward Everett, No. 55, March 20, 1853, Stock, *United States Ministers*, 96-7.

<sup>54</sup>Peter Gilday, "Gaetano Bedini, An Episode in the life of Archbishop John Hughes," *Historical Records and Studies*, U.S. Catholic Historical Society, 23:87-170 (New York, 1933).

tend your protection to the Catholics inhabiting those regions, and to shield them at all times with your power and authority."<sup>55</sup>

Bedini's nemesis had arrived in the United States on the same day, March 20, that Cass sent notification of Bedini's coming. Alessandro Gavazzi came to America preceded by the fame of "apostle of Italian liberty." He had been a Barnabite and "chaplain" of Garibaldi's republican army at Rome. Upon Bedini's arrival in New York on May 9, Gavazzi (who was holding religious services in a rented chapel there) accused Bedini of having been an accomplice of the Austrians in the capture of another Barnabite "chaplain" of Garibaldi's forces, Ugo Bassi, and morally guilty of Bassi's execution before a firing squad. Bedini had been named in 1849 by Pius IX as "commissary extraordinary" at Bologna, where the power of the Holy See was being maintained with the aid of the military power of Austria. He held this office until 1852.<sup>56</sup> According to the article on Ugo Bassi in the *Enciclopedia Italiana Treccani*, the ecclesiastical authority at Bologna did not sign Bassi's death sentence; on the other hand, the article says, the protests made three days in advance of the execution by the vicar general that it was a violation of the right of the church courts to try Bassi was ignored by the Austrians.<sup>57</sup>

Apparently little note was taken of Gavazzi's charges when Bedini first arrived in the United States. Archbishop Bedini went to Washington and was formally received by Secretary Marcy and the President. In Washington he also conferred with Postmaster General James Campbell, a Catholic. Through Campbell, he may have made the proposal of a nunciature. Campbell apparently relayed to him the administration's willingness to accept a lay envoy from the Papal States, but not a religious one.<sup>58</sup>

Gavazzi had gone to Canada, where one of his attempts to preach at Montreal led to a riot in which sixteen persons were killed. He returned to New York and resumed the agitation against Bedini,

<sup>55</sup>Pope Pius IX to President of the United States, March 31, 1853, in "Message from The President of the United States," in *Senate Executive Documents*, volume 4, number 23, page 3, (33 Congress, 1 session) (Washington, D.C., 1854). The text is a translation from the Latin.

<sup>56</sup>*Catholic Encyclopedia*, 2:387.

<sup>57</sup>*Enciclopedia Italiana* (Istituto Treccani), 6:344 (Milan, 1929-37). The entry on Bassi is by Orazio Premoli.

<sup>58</sup>Article on John Joseph Hughes by Richard P. Purcell in *Dictionary of American Biography*, 9:354 (New York, 1932).

but with little effect there. In August, when Bedini went to Saratoga to dedicate a church, Gavazzi organized a crowd against him and Bedini returned to New York. This encouraged the ex-Barnabite to take his anti-Bedini campaign to other hinterland cities where Bedini was to appear, particularly Cincinnati and Cleveland.

Cass resumed the duties of his legation on December 3, 1853, and had an interview with Antonelli on the 6th. He reported that the cardinal secretary of state

alluded, with expressions of gratification, and of personal kindness toward the President, accompanied with assurances of the highest regard for the people and the government of the United States, to the kind reception extended to Monsignor Bedini, the Roman Nuncio, . . . and spoke of the satisfaction it had given the Pope.

Pius IX, Antonelli, and Cass, all were then unaware of how the Bedini mission actually had turned out in the autumn and winter. First came criticism of the fact that he had been allowed to use a government warship, named for Cass' own state, Michigan, for his tour of Great Lakes cities. Then came worse in cities where there were German refugees from the 1849 revolutions—actual violence against the archbishop in Cincinnati, Wheeling, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, and New York.<sup>59</sup>

The senior Cass brought the matter of "the numerous hostile demonstrations" against the nuncio before Congress. On January 23, 1854, he asked the Senate to request the President to furnish the Senate a copy of correspondence bearing on the Bedini visit. The resolution was adopted by voice vote the same day. The Michigan senator said his motive was to show that "the distinguished foreigner was clothed with a mission which gave him public character."

There was nothing, said Cass, Sr., in Bedini's arrival "which should give alarm to the most jealous sectarian." He said Bedini had come as a "representative of a Prince" ruling a territory where there were always large numbers of Americans and that the preparations for the mission "had been conducted in a most unexceptionable manner." The father went on to say that the American chargé in Rome (he did not identify the chargé as his son) had been approached by the cardinal secretary of state and asked if he thought the nuncio's

<sup>59</sup>Feiertag, *American Public Opinion*, 76-78.

visit would be acceptable to the American people. He quoted the chargé as replying, "as was proper, that he had no doubt as to the hospitality which would be extended to him, and that the visit would be received, as it was intended, as complimentary to the United States." (Cass, Jr. had related none of this exchange in his dispatches to the State Department.) The Senator hoped that the pledges thus given would be "as sacredly redeemed as in our power." He said Pope Pius IX had manifested a kind personal feeling toward the people of the United States which entitled him to a special regard, and that the Pope also was among the few sovereigns of Europe who had shown personal interest in the monument being erected to the memory of George Washington. This was a reference to the so-called "Pope's stone," sent from Rome to be included in the Washington monument but later stolen by Know-Nothings.<sup>60</sup>

The elder Cass said "no American could contemplate, without shame and indignation, the outrage which had been attempted against this distinguished stranger." And he added:

I have inquired of a near and dear relative now in Rome [obviously Cass, Jr.], who from his situation, must know, as well as any man, the estimation in which this Archbishop is held in his own country, and he told me he was a man of the highest character and standing, who had satisfactorily filled many important stations, and whose public and private life was without blot or blemish.

Cass, Sr. went on to defend Bedini against the charges of complicity in the death of the man whom he called "Hugo Bassa." He said that the act was not an execution—"I call it a murder, and a foul, cold-blooded one." But he went on:

I believe the distinguished gentleman to whom I have alluded [Bedini] had no more to do with it than you or I had, Mr. President. He was indeed the civil governor of Bologna at the time, but totally destitute of any power or authority. The Austrian forces had taken possession of the city, and their commander had proclaimed military law, which, as we all know, prostrates all other authority whatever.<sup>61</sup>

The Cass resolution was supported by Senator John V. Pettit of Indiana, who said it was right the Senate should know whether the pope, as a secular prince, desired any negotiation or intercourse with

<sup>60</sup>John V. Hinkel article in *Washington Post and Times-Herald*, February 20, 1955.

<sup>61</sup>*Congressional Globe*, volume 28, part 1, page 223 (33 Congress, 1 session) (Washington, D.C., 1854).

the United States that had not hitherto been provided. He said that if the pope, who never had an accredited agent in the United States before, should desire "closer political intimacy, we ought, by all means, to encourage it."<sup>62</sup>

The President submitted the Papal letter to the Senate on January 27 and it was ordered to lie on the table and be printed.<sup>63</sup> Three days later Marcy wrote to Cass, Jr.:

Though he [Bedini] was here received with all the respect and consideration due to his person and occasion, it is a matter of sincere regret that in other places he has been subjected to annoyances, on the part of a few individuals, which have been discountenanced by the government and very generally reprobated by our citizens.

Should the occurrences to which I have alluded be viewed in a light calculated to affect unfavorably the relations of this country with the Papal States, you will take an opportunity to assure its Minister of Foreign Affairs of the friendly reception given to the Archbishop by the President, and his regret that any part of the people should have forgotten in moments of excitement what was due to a distinguished functionary charged with a friendly mission to a foreign power.<sup>64</sup>

Cass, Jr. found that the anti-Bedini demonstrations had aroused "considerable indignation among his friends in Rome" and also the "displeasure" of the Papal government. He therefore transmitted to Cardinal Antonelli, as an American apology, the last clause of Marcy's instructions. Antonelli replied on February 27 that although he had "learned with pain" of "the reprehensible conduct displayed toward Monsignor Bedini . . . in certain cities," he was certain that the American government would disapprove and condemn that conduct. The cardinal went on:

Indeed he cannot refrain from hastening to express his satisfaction at the manner in which this respectable Prelate was received, and for the kindness which the Government and the public functionaries displayed toward him, wherever he went.<sup>65</sup>

Bedini had left the United States at the end of January. Gavazzi left about the same time, shortly after announcing he had received

<sup>62</sup>*Congressional Globe*, volume 28, part 1, page 225 (33 Congress, 1 session).

<sup>63</sup>*Congressional Globe*, volume 28, part 1, page 259 (33 Congress, 1 session).

<sup>64</sup>Marcy to Cass, No. 25, January 30, 1854, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 98-99.

<sup>65</sup>Cass to Marcy, No. 57, March 1, 1854, and enclosure, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 99-100.

word he had been officially excommunicated by Pius IX.<sup>66</sup> Bedini later became a cardinal.

It was only two months after the departure of Bedini and Gavazzi that another Know-Nothing insult to the Papal States was perpetrated. This was the seizure on March 5, 1854, of the block of marble which Pius IX had contributed for the building of the Washington monument. The so-called Pope's Stone was thrown into the Potomac and never recovered.<sup>67</sup> This did not, however, become a diplomatic issue in Cass' official correspondence.

In that month Cass was given permission to absent himself from Rome "during the approaching sickly season," provided "the indulgence will not conflict with the public interest."<sup>68</sup> The chargé d'affaires was absent from Rome when word came<sup>69</sup> of his promotion to minister resident. This was equal to the rank of envoys to the Two Sicilies, Sardinia, Switzerland, Belgium, the Netherlands, Portugal, Denmark and Sweden, as well as some South American countries.<sup>70</sup> The action was taken despite the fact that no exchange of diplomats between the United States and the Papal States had resulted from Postmaster General Campbell's intimations to Archbishop Bedini. Cass had to wait a year before Congress appropriated for him the increase in pay to \$7,500 which went with his promotion in rank.<sup>71</sup> He presented his new credentials to Pius IX on November 9, 1854. He reported that

His Holiness received me on this occasion with much cordiality, and after dwelling with considerable emphasis upon the prosperity and happiness of the United States, renewed the expression of his desire

<sup>66</sup>Luigi Santini, "Alessandro Gavazzi e l'emigrazione politico-religiosa in Inghilterra e negli Stati Uniti nel decennio 1849-1859," *Rassegna storica del Risorgimento*, 41:590-91 (April-September, 1954). See also Santini, *Alessandro Gavazzi: Aspetti del problema religioso del Risorgimento* (Modena, 1955).

<sup>67</sup>Hinkel article in *Washington Post and Times-Herald*, February 20, 1955; and Feiertag, *American Public Opinion*, 78, 79, and note 30.

<sup>68</sup>Marcy to Cass, No. 26, March 20, 1854, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 101 note.

<sup>69</sup>Marcy to Cass, No. 27, July 17, 1854, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 100 note.

<sup>70</sup>*Congressional Globe*, appendix: 347 (32 Congress, 2 session) (Washington, D.C., 1853).

<sup>71</sup>*Congressional Globe*, appendix: 401 (33 Congress, 2 session) (Washington, D.C., 1855).

to mention the friendly relations existing between the two governments.<sup>72</sup>

At Pius IX's Christmas reception for the diplomatic corps, the pope expressed to Cass a strong interest in the "successful termination" of Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan. Cass said Pius had "frequently" questioned him on the subject during the previous twelve months and this time "spoke of the pleasure it would give him . . . to be permitted to read a copy of Com. Perry's report."<sup>73</sup> Some two years later Cass was able to present to the pope the "atlases" of the Perry expedition.<sup>74</sup>

In January, 1855, Cass talked with Cardinal Antonelli regarding the treaty of neutral rights which the United States had recently signed with Russia. A circular had urged all United States legations to seek to get it generally adopted. Antonelli replied that the Papal States, because of the "peculiar character" of their government could not make a treaty which "had reference to hostilities between nations." That was, His Eminence told Cass, "a status or condition of the Papal States' participation in the wars of 1848-49. But the and alien to its nature to contemplate." No mention was made of things ignored by the Government of His Holiness, the Pope, cardinal expressed willingness to negotiate a maritime treaty with the United States.<sup>75</sup> A note from Antonelli to Cass on January 16, 1857, informed the American minister, however, that "the Pontifical Government acquiesced in the adoption" of the neutral rights declaration of the Congress of Paris.<sup>76</sup>

The proposal of a maritime treaty was not taken up by the United States. Instead the state department started a correspondence with Cass on the subject of United States consular agents in the Papal States. The beginning of the correspondence was a circular letter complaining that

<sup>72</sup>Cass to Marcy, No. 59, November 10, 1854, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 100.

<sup>73</sup>Cass to Marcy, unnumbered dispatch, December 27, 1854, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 100.

<sup>74</sup>Cass to Marcy, No. 72, March 7, 1857, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 113-14.

<sup>75</sup>Cass to Marcy, No. 61, January 19, 1855, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 103.

<sup>76</sup>Enclosure in Cass to Marcy, No. 70, January 18, 1857, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 113.

certain individuals . . . styling themselves, without authority, Vice-Consuls of the United States, who demand and receive from American citizens fees for what purport to be official services, accept naval honors from the ships of the United States squadron in the Mediterranean and sell passports to foreigners, representing them to be American citizens.<sup>77</sup>

The circular was to contain "a correct list of all persons who are at present recognized by this department as having authority to exercise consular functions, in the United States, within the country." The only name listed on Cass' copy was that of F[ranklin] Torrey at Caesara. Cass was quick to point out that this consul was not in the Papal States at all, but in the Duchy of Modena.

He said the United States had only two individuals acting as vice-consuls in the Papal States: Alfred Lowe at Civitavecchia and Caesar A. Magnani at Ancona. There was no consul yet at Rome.<sup>78</sup> Joseph Mozier, the Ancona consul had resigned and sent his consular records to Rome. Magnani, who had been vice-consul there earlier for fifteen years, had asked to have a reappointment. He said several cargoes for the United States were delayed at Ancona for lack of consular seal. Cass said that in the past the consul at Ancona had heard complaints for "redress of grievances" from several American sailors on Levant-bound ships. He had a letter from C. C. Felton, then professor and later president of Harvard College, regarding Felton's arrival in Ancona from Athens and the help given him there by Magnani. Cass had sent a consular seal to Magnani, he said, pending state department approval.

Cass said he also had discussed with Cardinal Antonelli the Civitavecchia situation. Antonelli had said it would be "detrimental" to the United States not to have a vice-consul at Civitavecchia to visa passports at the port to which two-thirds of all the visitors to Rome came. Cass said he had heard only one complaint against Lowe: that he demanded a \$1.00 fee for a visa. Otherwise he had heard his conduct commended and believed him a good and worthy man.<sup>79</sup>

Lowe proved to be the agent regarding whom the complaints were being made. A complaint from John Y. Mason, minister to France, was forwarded to Cass, alleging that Lowe was violating

<sup>77</sup>Marcy to Cass, No. 29, December 18, 1854, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 101-2.

<sup>78</sup>Stock, *Consular*, 188.

<sup>79</sup>Cass to Marcy, No. 63, February 15, 1855, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 103-6.

the December 18 circular.<sup>80</sup> Cass ordered Lowe to stop making the visa charge but permitted him otherwise to continue functioning as a vice-consul. Cass explained to the state department that unless the United States had an agent to visa passports there, the port "must become interdicted to our countrymen," or Americans exposed to "embarrassments and serious inconveniences there."<sup>81</sup>

A new law of August 18, 1856, authorized the kind of visa fees Lowe had been charging. On September 10, Daniel LeRoy, a New Yorker, was named consul at Rome. The state department urged him to appoint a suitable American citizen as his consular agent at Civitavecchia "and thus remedy the grievance of which our countrymen heretofore so much complained." Emoluments under the new law, he was told "will be quite sufficient to afford a respectable support to the consular agent."<sup>82</sup> LeRoy stopped in Paris en route to Rome and Mason recommended to him a 24-year-old Virginian, James Mortimer, who had been in Paris twenty months. Mortimer agreed to reside at Civitavecchia and handle the consular duties there personally.<sup>83</sup>

The plan did not work out. LeRoy himself was in disagreement with Cass almost as soon as he arrived in Rome. Cass insisted that the verification of passports was a legation function wherever there was a minister resident. Otherwise the consular fees at Rome amounted to less than \$10 a year.<sup>84</sup> Mortimer found that fees, at \$1.00 per visa, would have amounted to \$402 at Civitavecchia in 1856.<sup>85</sup> Both Mortimer and LeRoy resigned their posts early in 1857.<sup>86</sup> Apparently Lowe got his job back because LeRoy had said he would be compelled, in lieu of Mortimer, "to fall back upon the person

<sup>80</sup>J. A. Thomas, assistant secretary of state, to Cass, No. 31, February 7, 1856, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 111.

<sup>81</sup>Cass to Marcy, No. 69, April 2, 1856, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 112.

<sup>82</sup>John A. Thomas, assistant secretary of state, to Daniel LeRoy, Sept. 30, 1856, in Stock, *Consular Relations* . . . , 191.

<sup>83</sup>Daniel LeRoy to Secretary of State William L. Marcy, Paris, October 31, 1856, in Stock, *Consular Relations* . . . , 191-92.

<sup>84</sup>Daniel LeRoy to Lewis Cass, Jr., Rome, December 22, 1856, and Cass to LeRoy, Rome, December 27, 1856, enclosures in LeRoy to Marcy, December 31, 1856, in Stock, *Consular Relations* . . . , 193-94.

<sup>85</sup>Stock, *Consular Relations* . . . , 195 and note.

<sup>86</sup>Secretary of State Lewis Cass, Sr. to Lewis Cass, Jr., No. 37, March 27, 1858, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 117-19.

who has been so offensive . . . and whom I was instructed to remove." The state department merely instructed him to consult with Cass and make "the best arrangements" possible. The kind of trouble which could occur at Civitavecchia was seen a year later when a physician from Philadelphia, Dr. A. B. Campbell, arrived from Constantinople. His visa was overwritten "par Civita Vecchia" by the United States consul general in the Turkish city. Papal police thought the visa a forgery and put Dr. Campbell into a small boat in a heavy rain and returned him to his ship in the roadstead.<sup>87</sup>

Just before the end of the Pierce administration, Cass requested a month's leave of absence to consult a dentist in London or Paris.<sup>88</sup> When James Buchanan became president, Cass, Jr. submitted a formal request for recall: "I have the honor to request that you will submit to the President my wish to be permitted to retire from this mission."<sup>89</sup> But apparently the request was a form only. He apparently wrote a private letter to his father at about the same time. This seems to have been to the effect that if no other position was available to him in Washington or perhaps elsewhere, he would like to remain in Rome. It did not seem strange to Cass, Jr. that after having been appointed by one Democratic president, serving through the administration of two Whigs and then through the term of a second Democrat, he could expect to continue his tenure in the Democratic administration in which his father was secretary of state. Indeed Buchanan actually had been the secretary of state who first gave Cass his instructions for Rome in 1849. The son failed to take account of the fact that Buchanan was to prove the greatest exponent of rotation in office ever to hold the presidential chair and that his ideas of rotation applied even to members of his own party.<sup>90</sup>

The opening page or pages of what seems to be the first letter of Cass, Sr. to his son on the subject of the recall is missing. What remains shows that the letter was in reply to a letter from the son and that it was written after consultation between the new president

<sup>87</sup>Cass, Sr. to Cass, Jr., No. 37, March 27, 1858, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 117-19.

<sup>88</sup>Cass, Jr. to Marcy, No. 71, February 20, 1857, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 113 note.

<sup>89</sup>Cass, Jr. to Cass, Sr., No. 73, April 10, 1857, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 114.

<sup>90</sup>Leonard D. White, *The Jacksonians*, 313 (New York, 1954).

and his 74-year-old secretary of state. The spirit is one characteristic of the administration, in which Buchanan was secretary of state in fact and Cass, Sr. was the distinguished old man who sat in the office chair. The fragment reads:

by him to me. If, however, an appointment has to be made before your letter reaches here, I shall ask the recall for you. I think you might well have supposed that I would not undertake to preempt [*sic*] (or more) to indicate to you your course, but for the more inevitable reason, you now see, that nothing else remained to me to do.

As to what you suppose about employment here, there is not the slightest grounds for your supposition. I had no such thought, none whatever. I merely hoped you would like a residence here, and I yet think you will, and I hope also you will aid me in my business, not for the pay or office, for you will have neither, but out of regard to me, and to help me discharge the considerable duties of this most oppressive office. But do not let this press upon your mind a moment. When you come, do what you please, live where you please, and spend as much money as you please.

As to your furniture, pictures, ornaments, etc., send home all you have, that are worth it. Look around, as I told you for tables etc. or for any other [4 or 5 words illegible] which costs [illegible word] you see about a home, all that can now be done is to make the best arrangements you or your power. See [illegible word]. I do not understand if you have money [illegible word or words]. If you do say so. If you need it before you receive any, draw for it, as I suppose you can.

You must come back and make part of us. All wish to see you.

Your affect. father, Lewis Cass

Lewis Cass Jr., Esq.<sup>91</sup>

Not content with a mere letter to his father, Cass, Jr. apparently arranged with the Rev. Alexander Wilson McClure, who had been chaplain at Rome for the American and Foreign Christian Union and seems to have taken the Rev. Mr. Hasting's place in conducting Protestant services in Rome, to plead his case with the administration.<sup>92</sup> This prompted the second letter from father to son. This one is complete and fairly legible throughout. It seems never to have been published previously. It reads, in full:

<sup>91</sup>Original in Lewis Cass, Sr. papers, in the William L. Clements Library at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. Frank B. Woodford, the biographer of Cass, Sr., kindly joined in the efforts to decode this and the subsequent letter, but responsibility for the reading rests with the author of this article. No copy of the previous personal letter of the son to father is known.

<sup>92</sup>Sketch of McClure is in *The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, 11:217 (New York, 1901).

Washington, Apr. 27, 1857

My dear Son,

I wrote you a few days ago in answer to your letter, but I now repeat what I then said, lest there might be a failure.

I explained to you, that your recall was indispensable. It did not originate with me at all. It is the necessary result of the plan adopted by Mr. Buchanan, that all Diplomatic and Consular agents, who have been abroad more than four years shall return. Such is the imperative demand for rotation that it has to be complied with. Never since the foundation of the govt. was there such a craving appetite for office. Dr. McClure was here the other day, to urge your continuance. I was very glad to see him, for it did my heart good to hear him talk of you. I told him I was unable to urge your further continuance upon the President, and that he might not undertake it that I could not commend it. I know it would have been useless. I know that Mr. Buchanan's course was marked out and could not be changed and if Dr. McClure had pressed the matter he would naturally have supposed that it was at my instance. How could you, looking at my situation, have considered an exception to rule applicable to all the rest of the Corps. Dr. McClure, I suppose will write you. I did not see him after his interview with Mr. Buchanan but I presume he explained to him his wish to have a Minister at Rome who is a Protestant, with a view to Protestant worship. I wrote you that about your house, you must make the best arrangements, you can. I hope you will be able to do so, with little or no loss. I also said you had better send home all the articles you have, which are worth sending. We have taken a large house, a double one indeed, a part of which is occupied by ourselves, a part by Mr. Riggs [possibly a member of the banking family], that it will require a great deal of furniture to fill it, and especially a great many ornamental objects. It was for this reason I wrote you to inquire if there were some things, not too dear, which it would be best to buy. If so, do it to the amt of a few hundred dollars. Any old things—tables etc.—or a real old chair for me. I shall have time to write you after the receipt of this letter—perhaps—as you will have to remain some time yet. Write me about these things the moment you receive this letter.

I told you I did not wish you to do anything here, but amuse yourself. I was in hopes you would be willing to help me in my business, but I never dreamt of your taking office. You can do no good with the Diplomatic Corps, and a thousand less. I also wished you to visit Detroit, once in a while, to become acquainted with our business, for if any accident should happen to Ledyard,<sup>93</sup> who have we to depend

<sup>93</sup>Henry Ledyard (1812-1880) was the husband of Matilda Cass (daughter of Cass, Sr.), mayor of Detroit in 1855, then in 1857 a member of the Michigan state senate. Later in 1857, Ledyard went to Washington to assist his father-in-law in the way the elder Cass had suggested in this letter his son might.

upon but you. Time is making its mark upon me, and I cannot expect to be long present. No man could manage better than Ledyard, but what would happen if he were taken from us, I am sure I cannot tell. Sometimes it gives me great uneasiness. Your helpless sisters and the little children would need a protector. As to returning immediately, I leave it to yourself. We are all desire to see you, but this desire must yield to the state of your health. If you think it best to remain, I wish you to do so. I have just received a letter from Ledyard and another from Belle, asking me to agree to your remaining, and I do so willingly, leaving it all to yourself and satisfied with your decision. I think we have means enough to justify this and to meet any other necessary expense. Ledyard says we have and tho he may be somewhat sanguine, I trust to his judgement. I hope Mary will consent to join us, and in that event we shall all be together. It would be much better for her, for she is inclined to shut herself up and go no where and this seclusion is bad for the children. Should it be necessary, I can file a request for a recall in your name. But perhaps one may come from you before it is necessary to act. Mr. Buchanan spoke very kindly of you, the day when Dr. McClure was here, and commented especially on your amiable position at Rome. He said we should not be in a hurry about your exequatur.

Your ever affectionate father, Lewis Cass

Lewis Cass Jr., Esq.<sup>94</sup>

On May 18, Cass, Sr. signed an official notification to his son that the resignation had been accepted by the President, but added that Buchanan "hopes that circumstances will not compel you to relinquish the duties of your mission before a successor has arrived."<sup>95</sup> There turned out to be, indeed, "no hurry" in choosing a successor. On April 16 of the following year, Assistant Secretary of State John Appleton answered "inquiries concerning the time when you may probably expect your successor," by saying "the Department is unable to give you precise information." Buchanan's wish that Cass should not leave the mission vacant was repeated, but the minister was given authority to absent himself again from Rome during "the sickly season."

Only one incident of importance arose during this waiting period. The Roman bark *Jenny*, with a cargo of fruit from Sicily, arrived in the United States and became subject of correspondence between

<sup>94</sup>Lewis Cass, Sr. papers in the Clements Library.

<sup>95</sup>Cass, Sr. to Cass, Jr., No. 35, May 18, 1857, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 115.

the state and treasury departments over the question of discriminating duties. The *Jenny's* master claimed an 1833 declaration of the pontifical government had given United States vessels in Papal ports the same rights as national vessels, and that hence he was entitled to the benefits of a reciprocal law of 1828 in the United States. Cass, Sr. asked his son for specific information so that the President might issue a proclamation. Cass, Jr. got from Antonelli a communication saying that United States, Austrian, and Danish vessels entering the ports of the Papal States had been since 1833 subject to no duties or payments of any sort other than those to which pontifical vessels were liable. Antonelli protested the "incongruity" of the United States action in the *Jenny* case. He urged commercial reciprocity. Cass, Jr. reported that he told the cardinal he was sure "measures would be adopted without delay." Buchanan issued the appropriate proclamation on February 25, 1858.<sup>96</sup>

In midsummer of 1858, John P. Stockton, a New Jersey lawyer, later a senator from that state, was named Cass' successor.<sup>97</sup> He sailed on August 21, but in Paris received a letter from Cass, Jr. saying the old envoy would be unable to meet the new in Rome before the end of October and that it would not be safe to go there until cold weather, "because of the fevers in the summer." Stockton stayed three weeks in Paris, went by land to Rome and arrived November 14. On the 27th of that month, nearly twenty months after Buchanan took office, Cass and Stockton were received by Pius IX and the one presented his letter of recall and the other his letter of credence.<sup>98</sup>

Cass' mission proved both the longest and most eventful of any United States representation at the court of the Papal States.

<sup>96</sup>Cass, Sr. to Cass, Jr., No. 36, July 27, 1857, and Cass, Jr. to Cass, Sr., No. 75, December 11, 1857, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 115-17. The proclamation is in James D. Richardson, *Messages and Papers of the Presidents*, volume 5, 491-92 (*House Miscellaneous Documents*, number 210, 53 Congress, 2 session) (Washington, D.C., 1897).

<sup>97</sup>Cass, Sr. to Cass, Jr., No. 39, July 21, 1858, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 120.

<sup>98</sup>John P. Stockton to Lewis Cass, Sr., No. 1, Rome, December 10, 1858, in Stock, *United States Ministers*, 124-27.

## George N. Fuller

*Milo M. Quaife, who, for over twenty years was secretary editor of the Burton Historical Collection of the Detroit Public Library, perhaps knew Dr. George N. Fuller longer and better than any person still active in Michigan history. After the death of Dr. Fuller on February 8, 1957, the dean of the historians of the Northwest submitted the following account of Dr. Fuller's career.*

*The Monroe Evening News, today Michigan's second oldest newspaper, published an appreciation of Dr. Fuller in its issue of February 19. The editorial is reprinted below. After it appear two resolutions: one by the trustees of the Historical Society of Michigan, and the other by the members of the Michigan Historical Commission.*

### GEORGE N. FULLER

*Milo M. Quaife*

ON JULY 1, 1946, DR. GEORGE N. FULLER terminated a third of a century of service for the Michigan Historical Commission. He entered its employ upon the formation of the commission in 1913 and from 1916 until his retirement he held the office of executive secretary. In this capacity he coordinated the activities of the Historical Society of Michigan with the work of the Commission, and for thirty years he personified Mr. Michigan History. Upon his retirement in 1946 he was seventy-three years old and already living on borrowed time. He died at his Lansing home February 8, 1957.

Before entering the service of the commission he had pursued an extensive professional career. Born on a farm near Hastings in 1873, he married in 1897, and for several years served as principal of Michigan high schools before his graduation from the University of Michigan in 1905. The capstone of his academic career was marked by the receipt of the doctor of philosophy degree from the university in 1912. Meanwhile he had received a master's degree from Harvard in 1906 and had indulged in further study at Yale



DR. GEORGE NEWMAN FULLER



and abroad. His doctoral thesis was devoted to a study of *The Economic and Social Beginnings of Michigan*, subsequently published by the Michigan Historical Commission as volume 1 of its University Series. It still remains, after almost half a century, the outstanding study in its particular field of Michigan history.

Publication of the quarterly magazine, *Michigan History*, was begun in 1917, and for thirty years Dr. Fuller remained its only editor. The athlete who attends a small college enjoys scant prospect, regardless of his ability, of achieving national renown. So, too, the head of a state historical department but meagerly supported by the state has slight prospect of matching the records of those whose states accord them more adequate financial support. For whatever reasons Michigan, richest of all midwestern states in her historical background, has lagged far behind most of them in the exploitation of her store of historical treasure. It was Dr. Fuller's fortune to command throughout his career as secretary of the Michigan Historical Commission only the most meager resources for performing his allotted task. Under many causes for discouragement he labored faithfully to record and disseminate the thrilling story of Michigan's past. In so doing he made a record which will not soon be forgotten.

## HISTORIAN

Monroe *Evening News* February 19, 1957

LITTLE NOTICED IN TODAY'S RUSH OF NEWS, death last week deprived Michigan of its grand old man of history, George N. Fuller. As a young history instructor at the University of Michigan, Fuller crusaded for the revival of his native state's concern for its pioneer beginnings. In 1913 he persuaded Governor Woodbridge N. Ferris and the legislature to establish the Michigan Historical Commission as an official state agency responsible for the preservation and dissemination of state history.

Fuller, who became its executive secretary in 1916 and continued until his retirement in 1946, was the outstanding authority on Michigan history, along with Dr. Milo M. Quaife of Detroit. Quaife did

his effective work through a private donation, the Burton Historical Collection, which became a part of the Detroit Public Library.

Fuller established a public body which took over the work started many years before by the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society. That society, which had two Monroe men as presidents over the years, is largely responsible for preservation of firsthand and documentary accounts of early Michigan history. The Burton collection is similarly responsible for the preservation of early Detroit and territorial records. Together they have provided Michigan with a rich store of source material for a state rich in history.

Fuller, in Lansing, continued the series of annual publications known as the *Michigan Historical and Pioneer Collections*, started by the society and carried on through 40 volumes by the state agency. It survives today as the quarterly publication of the *Michigan History* magazine, subsidized by the Michigan Historical Commission in the able hands of Fuller's successor, Dr. Lewis Beeson.

Son of a country doctor and a native of Hastings, Fuller grew up in an era in which pioneer recollection was still the fashion. In those days Erie and Monroe both had pioneer societies which met regularly and contributed to the mass of information compiled by the state society. He applied modern research methods to the collection and publication of prime historical data, and his own books are a substantial contribution to our knowledge of early Michigan.

Unlike some later historians, Dr. Fuller was deeply cognizant of the part played in Michigan history by the community of Monroe. In his works Monroe receives almost its full share of credit as the principal early center of culture and commerce outside Detroit. No present or future historian of Michigan can ignore his work. And he pioneered in getting state support for the patient chore of preserving priceless source material and disseminating to schools and citizens knowledge about our state and its beginnings.

## RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE

### *Historical Society of Michigan*

Whereas, the Trustees of the Historical Society of Michigan have learned with regret of the death of Dr. George N. Fuller, former secretary-treasurer of the society; and

Whereas, Dr. Fuller, since 1913 until his retirement in 1946, was secretary-treasurer of the Historical Society of Michigan and secretary editor of the Michigan Historical Commission; and

Whereas, during this long term of service Dr. Fuller modernized and made possible the editorial program of both the society and commission; and

Whereas, in the course of his activities as the executive of the private state historical association and the official state historical agency, Dr. Fuller edited and published a notable series of publications, both in the form of monographs and a quarterly publication; and

Whereas, Dr. Fuller's own doctoral dissertation, *The Economic and Social Beginnings in Michigan*, was published by the Historical Commission in 1916 as volume 1 of its University Series, is still the definitive account of this particular aspect of Michigan history; and

Whereas, for thirty years Dr. Fuller was the sole editor of the quarterly publication, *Michigan History*, during which he made a notable record as editor; be it

Resolved, by the trustees of the Historical Society of Michigan in a meeting held at Lansing, February 18, 1957, that the secretary-treasurer be instructed to send a copy of this resolution to Mrs. Robert W. Smith and Miss Florence Fuller, daughters of Dr. Fuller, and to express the trustees' condolences on the departure of this notable historian.

### *Michigan Historical Commission*

Whereas, Dr. Willis F. Dunbar, Mr. Willard C. Wichers, Mrs. Donald E. Adams, Mr. Chester W. Ellison, Mr. Prentiss M. Brown, and Dr. Lewis G. VanderVelde, members of the Michigan Historical

Commission have learned of the death of Dr. George N. Fuller, who for thirty years was secretary-editor of the commission; and

Whereas, the sentiments expressed in a resolution adopted by the trustees of the Historical Society of Michigan at a meeting held February 18, 1957, express those of the members of the commission; and

Whereas, Dr. Fuller, during his service to the commission as secretary-editor and to the Historical Society of Michigan as secretary-treasurer, successfully coordinated the activities of the state historical agency and the state association, be it

Resolved, by the members of the Michigan Historical Commission in a meeting held at Detroit February 26, 1957, that the secretary-treasurer be instructed to send a copy of this resolution to Mrs. Robert W. Smith and Miss Florence Fuller, daughters of Dr. Fuller, and to express the commissioners' condolences on the departure of this notable historian.

## Over the Years

*Mary Etta Simonton O'Neil*

COME, WILDA DEAR, LET US SIT BY YOUR FIRESIDE while I dream of the days that are gone and endeavor to answer some of the many questions you have asked me about your father's family. Many of the phases of the life of the Simontons I can vividly recall; many I know only vaguely through hearing my father and mother and my aunts and uncles or cousins talk about them. Some came to me from our one-hundred and one year old second cousin, John Johnson.

I shall try to give you an over-all picture of your father and his life, and of the other members of his family. I will strive to make it as authentic as possible but exact dates of some of the happenings are obscure. There will be sad moments as I recall our family life, but it takes both sad and glad times to make the story complete. That is life. All of the way we must keep our minds and hearts filled with love and learn to cherish the good always found in humanity.

A long, long time ago, over a hundred years, in 1849, a young man, John Ross Simonton, left Liberty Mills, Indiana, and went with hundreds of others by way of Panama, over-land, to seek his fortune in the great, glittering gold fields of California. He was a blacksmith by trade, with a wife and two small children: Rolvin David, the eldest, who became my father and your grandfather, and one daughter, Sarah Jane.

The business was sold and most of the money was spent to pay his fare to California. The wife, with some help from relatives, worked a small plot of ground and a meager living was provided. How long he was gone, I do not know, nor do I know of his means of returning. All of his efforts to dig gold from "them thar hills" was in vain. Not one gold nugget did he bring back. Through some financial aid he purchased a farm near LaGro, Indiana, and moved his family there. It was not far from his half-sister's family, the Johnsons.

During the next few years six more children were born. Alexander

J., Mark S., Melcher P., Dorcas, Minerva Ellen, and Olive E. They also acquired one foster child, Frank.

It was from LaGro that Rolvin David Simonton in 1861 enlisted in the army of the Civil War. He was only sixteen years old, under age, so his father took him out; he enlisted again and for the second time his father brought him home; once more he ran away and enlisted. Then his father gave up! He served three years in the 114th Indiana Battery. He did not see much of the rigors of the war, but I have heard it told that he barely escaped being captured by the enemy during a rebel cavalry charge by throwing himself under the cannon carriage. His mother's youngest brother, Elisha Nottingham, was in the same battery. He and Rolvin David were about the same age and both ran away to enlist in the army.

Rolvin David's mother, Mary Ann Nottingham, was born in England. I never learned whether her family was related, even remotely, to the Nottinghams of Nottingham lace fame. Could be, for grandmother was like a piece of "Lavender and Old Lace" herself. We all loved her. Not much is known of the Nottingham side of the family.

Yes, Wilda, it would have pleased me to have been named for grandmother Nottingham Simonton. But somewhere along the line there was a Mary Etta Simonton and no doubt I was named in memory of her. As I recall hearing different ones talking about her she married into the Studebaker Wagon Company family, now the Studebaker Automobile Company of South Bend, Indiana, and never came to Michigan. Aunt Maryette they used to call her.

According to the records that your father compiled, the true nationality of the Simontons is quite well established.<sup>1</sup> The original spelling of the name as O'Simon, Symington, and Siminton, according to the papers my brother compiled, finally came down to our family as Simonton. The history is more or less verified by the following paragraph taken from another book which I have recently read:

An important moment in the history of Cape Elizabeth, Maine, was the landing at Simonton's Cove in the early eighteenth century of a body of Scotch-Irish immigrants fleeing from the persecution of the English King. A William Simonton landed the first cargo of molasses

<sup>1</sup>Papers and records collected and compiled by Glenn Edward Simonton in possession of the author.

ever brought to Portland from the West Indies in 1728, and the rocky remains of the foundation of his warehouse are still to be seen at the cove bearing his name.<sup>2</sup>

It seems that the Simonton ancestry ranges from Scotch-Irish and English with the Irish predominating. What that makes us, no one knows! I, your aunt, having married into an Irish family, O'Neil by name, we really could say, "Erin go Bragh!" Ireland forever!

The two families, Simontons and Johnsons, lived on their farms near LaGro, until in the early spring of 1867 when they decided to take up government land in the northern part of the lower peninsula of Michigan. Rolvin David with John Frazee, husband of his oldest sister, Sarah Jane, went ahead by train to Paris, Michigan. They had to go by way of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, to Detroit, then back west to Grand Rapids and on to Cedar Springs to reach Paris. That was as far as the Grand Rapids and Indiana went then. From there they tramped about thirty miles to LeRoy, Osceola County. Eighty acres of land was pre-empted and a one-room log cabin was built. The rest of the two families came later. All of them, twenty-one in number, lived in the cabin, sleeping on the floor and eating by turns. Real pioneering!

Ox teams and heavy wagons had brought the brave adventurers from Paris over the rough trails and corduroy roads into the deep, dark forests. Neighbors, pioneers from other parts of the country, were miles and miles away. Finally the Johnsons, nine of them, were settled on a homestead of their own across a section of land from the Simontons.

Plenty of supplies such as flour, spices, sugar, coffee, and tea were brought with them from Indiana and it was possible to buy cows so they were provided with milk. The many wild animals: bears, deer, raccoon, and wild fowl supplied plenty of meat. I can remember eating bear meat; when dried it was especially good. Small plots of ground were cleared to raise vegetables and other crops. Quantities of powder and guns, also brought from Indiana, were a necessity as the white man usurped, justly or unjustly, the home of the Indian.

<sup>2</sup>Herbert G. Jones, *The Kings Highway from Portland to Kittery*, 41-42 (Portland, Maine, 1953).

Many are the stories I have listened to about the bravery of the women fending off Indians and wild animals, mostly bears and wolves, when they were left alone in their little cabin homes. My mother, your grandmother Simonton, more than once took down a gun from over a barricaded door to use when prowlers were around.

Sometimes an Indian would come to a cabin door and mutter about something to eat. It was best to give a hand-out if one could, as a refusal might mean trouble. Many of the Indians were kind and seemed interested in white folks. They liked the little white children and sometimes a squaw would put them upon her back the way she did her own little papoose. Just for the fun of it!

Because of the miles between neighbors or relatives and because there were no good roads through the dense forests, a traveler or a member of one's own family would get lost. One time my father, Rolvin David Simonton, your grandfather, went with some other men several miles away from their cabins to help build one for some new settlers. When their day's work was done they started home, but soon lost their way. Each carried his own gun and axe and with the axes they chopped enough hemlock boughs to make beds and were soon fast asleep.

My mother at home alone became alarmed; she took a gun from over the door, went out into the deep darkness and fired it several times. Grandfather Simonton living about a mile away heard it. He and Old Bill answered the alarm by firing their rifles. They kept shooting until they reached mother's cabin and learned what the trouble was. Then they set out in the direction they thought the men might be, firing off their guns. So they were found and all returned in safety to their cabins.

Old Bill was big and strong and wonderful in those deep, dark forests. Day or night, he seemed to have a great sense of direction and would never lose his way. Through brush, over creeks, around trees, always with a gun, he would help search for anyone if word came to him. Also he had a knack for getting along with the Indians. With his deep bass voice he could imitate a big old bruin's growl to perfection. After several years of life in those pioneer days Old Bill passed on and was buried in a secluded spot in the forest that he loved, on a hillside back of the log cabin.

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Sometimes lost folks were not far from their homes. Matches were always carried so a fire could be built as a signal if one were lost, or to keep wild animals away. They were careful, too, to be sure the fire was out when they left. The fire did not always scare the animals. Oftentimes they seemed fascinated by the light of the blaze and would come too close for the comfort of the men, but guns were at hand and more often than not they would slink away to their own haunts. Those early pioneers were wary and brave and not afraid to go where and when they needed to, or wanted to.

Another interesting story that I heard, told over and over as a child, was about an old lady. They called her Granny Calhoun. She wanted to visit some relatives who lived quite a distance away. She insisted she could go alone and would not even carry a gun. Sometime during the forenoon she became confused and lost her sense of direction. For nearly a week she wandered in the forest, sleeping in the trees at night, eating berries and leaves of the shrubbery, and drinking from some little stream. One day a relative from the family she had set out to visit went to Granny's daughter's home and learned that Granny was supposed to be at his home. No Granny had been there.

The alarm of guns was sounded and the news spread that Granny Calhoun was lost. They searched for three days and nights wondering if they would ever find her alive. But late one afternoon they came upon her resting cozily under a bunch of boughs she had managed to break off from the trees. She bounced right up and began to talk about her living in the woods. She did not even seem tired. When they questioned her more about being lost, she said, "No, I wasn't afraid! I guess the bears and Indians were afraid of me, what with the way I growled and the war-whoops I let out! So I just rested and slept, knowing all the time someone would find me!" Granny lived a long time after that and with a merry twinkle in her eye she loved to tell the story.

Here I am away ahead of my narrative, but I had better tell you the stories, as they come to mind. Now, let us go back to where they all first settled and see how life developed during the next few years.

More homesteads were taken up by the elder boys of the Simonton family and after a year or so grandfather Simonton made a trip back to LaGro for more supplies and a few household things left there. As he was about to depart, Rolvin David said to him, "Bring me a wife from LaGro." "Who do you want," grandfather asked, just as though he could have any LaGro girl he would choose! "Oh!" he nonchalantly replied, "ask Till Ross first; if she declines, then ask Anastasia Schue." Well Till would not come, but Anastasia did.

No, Wilda, I never learned whether Anastasia, my mother, knew she was second choice, but one time when I heard her telling someone how it all happened I asked her if she and father were really in love with each other. "No, she replied, I knew him only as one of the LaGro boys and had danced with him a few times, but I did like him."

Sometime before grandfather and Anastasia left for the northern woods word was sent ahead for Rolvin David to meet them at Paris. There Rolvin David Simonton and Anastasia Schue were married on February 10, 1869.

She was of German descent with blue eyes and light hair. Her mother's maiden name was Schetzel. The Schetzel family came to America from Germany by sailboat. They did not have sufficient money for all of the passages so the captain took one of the children, a ten year old girl named Barbara as pay. She had to serve in his family in America, somewhere in Pennsylvania, for seven years. When at last she was sent to her family she was a consumptive and lived only a short time.

This has been another deviation from the record. Now to resume. Paris, Michigan, was still as far as the railroad went. The rest of the journey, about thirty miles, was made as before by ox team and wagon. The bride and groom started on their honeymoon into an unknown world, materially, at least to her, and no doubt, spiritually, for both of them. Only time could tell how such a marriage would work out. To them then, it probably seemed a grand adventure. They lived with grandfather's family until a cabin of their own was built. It was not far away but yet in the deep and dark forest.

As a child of five years I have only a dim recollection of that little log cabin, but a vivid one as I saw it in after years when we would visit the distant relatives who bought it from father.

Its cozy two rooms, heavy plank floors, the rough stone fireplace with the cooking utensils hanging around it; the furnishings of hickory chairs, tables and beds of walnut were handmade. Especially do I remember the trundle bed which was so much fun to pull out from underneath the big bed and sleep in.

- A little stream went flowing by the front door. I remember how brother Glenn, your father, and I played along its grassy and flowery banks. He liked to tell me in our grown-up days of how I once fell in and he went screaming to mother, saying, "Piggie" his pet name for me, "fawed in the watta." When mother reached the brook I had scrambled out and was screaming too.

For many years after we had moved away from the cabin the brook flowed on and on. How I have wished we had a picture of it all. Now the cabin is gone. The brook too. Where did they go?

On February 13, 1870, Glenn Edward, your father, was born. June 11, 1872, I, your aunt Mary Etta, was born. October 4, 1875, Irene Ivy, our sister, was born. All of us in the little log cabin. Your father; in memory of your Aunt Irene, gave you the name Irene for your middle name. Wilda was your mother's choice.

Brother Glenn and I were brunettes with dark brown eyes and dark brown hair like our father. Irene was a perfect blonde with azure blue eyes and golden curly hair, more like our mother. She was a beautiful child though seemingly frail.

There were no doctors near in those days but grandmother Simon-ton was a good midwife and all the help mother had. Our mother was healthy and strong and took good care of us besides working out of doors. I recall hearing some of the relatives telling how she liked to tell father what to plant and where to plant and how to take care of the crops. With an ox team and the use of some of his father's farm tools, which were scarce articles in those days, no doubt he could and did carry on very well.

By this time the farm had been mostly cleared and crops raised. Tapping the maple trees and making maple syrup was a novel and gratifying experience in springtime. Their homemade candles was all the light they had for some time, but later they were replaced

with kerosene lamps and lanterns. As more roads were made and new lands opened it was easier to contact new settlers and many friendly visits were enjoyed.

The early roads were at first only strips cut through the woods. Trees were cut down close to the ground and brush chopped out. There were many ruts and holes; but nothing daunted, the pioneers went merrily on their way with their ox teams and wagons. They thought it was fun to go bounding over the rough corduroy roads across the swampy places. I remember some of those bumpy rides too. Sometimes the wagons would bog down. Then the men folks would get out, pull up a sapling, or break limbs off the trees, and pry the outfit from the mire and on they would go.

The oxen were slow and patient animals, but they could move fast too if prodded into it. They would even get out of hand and run away. Most always there were no guide lines. They were controlled by a whip; drivers would sometimes stand out on the wagon tongue and grab their horns to try to steer and control them. They seemed to understand what that meant and would most always quiet down. A run away ox team could bring disaster to a wagon load of folks. Old Jack and Jerry, a neighbor's ox team, cut just such a caper once, so I've been told. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt.

Mosquitoes were terrible pests; smudges were kept going most of the time. The old rain barrels set under the eaves of the cabins to catch the nice soft water was a great place for them to breed.

Bedbugs got in their bites too. They were plentiful then because of so much green lumber (so t'was said), where they were supposed to breed. It seemed to be no disgrace to have them, most everyone did, but it was mighty uncomfortable! A constant battle was waged against them. I heard my mother tell, in later years, of seeing them parading around on the rim of a woman's hat in church and of another woman's husband who used to chase them out of the bed while she would chop them in two with an axe.

Great piles of logs and brush were burned as those majestic trees of oak, maple, pine, cedar, beech, and walnut were chopped down to clear the land for cultivation.

My great uncle, William Johnson, told me many times that he never would forget my birthday, June 11, 1872, because it was the

first time that season their log-piles had not been put out by heavy rains. Both the Simontons and the Johnsons always said I brought them good luck. Even after the houses or log cabins, barns and other outbuildings were built and the rail fences laid up there was timber left and it just had to be burned.

Some of the water they had to use was from streams where little pools formed, but there were many springs too. The water was always cool and sweet. Of course, later on wells were dug and often they were covered with houses and the water was drawn up in buckets. I remember springhouses also which were built into a bank where a spring bubbled forth. Inside were troughs along each side through which the water flowed and where milkpans filled with rich creamy milk were kept cool; rich yellow butter was churned there too.

Speaking of springs, I recall so well one of especial interest because of the process of getting the water into the home for use. That was in the town of LeRoy where I sometimes visited a little girl of my own age. Her name was Jessie Bevins.

The family lived upstairs over her father's store. There was no other building closeby at that time. The spring was curbed up with stone and had a cover which was removed in the daytime. The distance from the store to the spring was, as near as I can now judge, about one hundred feet, and down grade. A long cable, or rope, like a trolley was rigged up from the building to the spring with a bucket (it probably held a gallon) which was attached to the upper end. A wheel at the upper end would let the bucket down; it would dip into the spring, fill with water and someone would turn the wheel and up would come the bucket full of that cool spring water for thirsty folks and for household use. Away up that one hundred feet! I have never forgotten the thrill I had as a small child when I would see that "Old Oaken Bucket" come flying through the air and the taste of that cool sweet water!

Pumps in the wells finally replaced the buckets and, after an absence of many years when I returned to LeRoy, it was another thrill to pump water from the old town well. It was as sweet and cool as the water from the spring I had known in my childhood days.

Oh! yes, Jessie and I often played around the spring where the water had slopped out making mud pies. Wilda, we actually ate

some of those mud pies! Only they were nice clean sand pies instead of black mud pies!

Winters were long and severe in the far northern land, but the log cabins were warm and the fireplaces bright and cheery. I never heard mother say anything about being lonesome for her family back in Indiana. If she were, probably she was just brave enough to not let any one know of it. Sleigh rides to visit relatives and neighbors helped to pass the days; sometimes the evenings too, and there was almost always someone who could play a Jew's harp or a mouth organ or even an old fiddle for some square dancing.

Apples, wild berries, and pumpkins were dried; vegetables were buried under the floor or in a pit out doors; and with dried bear meat, venison, and salted pork provided an easy and tasty diet. And, we must not forget those buckwheat pancakes, homemade sausage, and delicious maple syrup for breakfast on cold winter mornings! Grains were stored in cribs built in the barns.

The Simontons and Johnsons were like one big family. Brother Glenn and I were loved and looked after by the older children of both families. He was toted to school on the backs of the largest boys. Quite often they would tote me too so I could learn my A-B-C's.

School in the new schoolhouse, two miles through the woods was a great adventure. John Johnson, our second cousin, then a young man who lived to be one hundred and one years old, was the first teacher in that log schoolhouse. Soon an itinerant preacher came along and church services were held there too. As long as I can remember it was called the Johnson schoolhouse, even after two frame buildings were built on the same spot. And, by the way, Wilda, the last term of country school I taught was in one of those later buildings. The last one was moved off and rebuilt for a residence and now the old site is overgrown with bushes and weeds.

Life went on seemingly happy for sometime. However, for some reason, unknown to me now, father became restless and wanted a change. He was a good worker, but was more inclined to figures than farming, so he sold the farm and moved the family into LeRoy. The town had been mostly a jumping-off-place but the railroad had been put through and now it was a booming lumber center with mills, stores, and saloons. The latter too numerous! Father found

employment in one of the lumbering company's offices. He became well known for his fine penmanship and knowledge of figures although he never had had much education.

About one year or so later, I have been told, the marriage of our father and mother began to go on the rocks. Yes, Wilda, mother with all of her good qualities seemed very officious. That may have been one of the reasons why father wanted to get into some kind of work, other than farming, where there would not be any opportunity for her to urge her opinions upon him.

One sad day our father was missing. He was gone six weeks. Away down in Texas. But a humbled and sorry husband and father returned. Then seemingly all went well for a long time. If there was inharmony between our parents it was not shown before the children or else we were too young to realize it. Relatives and friends may have known.

His job was given back to him and as time went on because of his friendly nature and office ability he became quite popular and was elected county clerk of Osceola County. We moved to Hersey the county seat. He was re-elected twice, serving two years at a time.

In the first year we lived there our hearts were saddened by the death of little Irene. She lies buried in the Hersey cemetery. As I think of it, Wilda, that is more than seventy-five years ago. How time does fly away!

During the time we lived in Hersey two more children were born. Rolvin Ross Simonton (Ross is an old Scotch family name), and Pearl Byron Simonton.

The years of our life in Hersey were the happiest of our young childhood. We went to school, to Sunday school and had many childhood friends. Our home to us was a happy one. Brother Glenn, your father, and I were good pals. He was always looking out for my pleasure and comfort. We used to play around the courthouse where father worked. It was not far from our home. He would take us into his office and show us all the intricate (to children) cupboards where valuable papers were kept and let us see the workings of the great big iron safe. He would stand by as we ran up the long curving stairway and laughed to see us come sliding down the banisters. Never once did we take a tumble!

Father liked those old-fashioned peppermint lozenges and I never failed to find a little bag of them in the drawer of his desk or in his coat pocket. He always expected me to look for them. Probably that was where I acquired my taste for peppermint flavor, and for the same kind of lozenges today.

We romped over the courthouse grounds and would shy by the county jail where, sometimes, we would see prisoners peeking out at us; then we would take hold of hands and scamper for home.

It was while father was county clerk that he recorded our names and birthdays. Years and years afterward when birth certificates were required, we children were able to secure ours without any difficulty. It was indeed a pleasure to see our names on the county register written in our father's own fine hand writing.

Father's long curly hair, which reached to his shoulders, fascinated me. Often when he would be sitting in his easy chair he would give me a comb so I could play with the curls. I would stand on a little stool behind him and comb them out just to see them spring back into the most beautiful curls I have ever seen. His face was rather large and round. He wore a regular Buffalo Bill moustache. It measured twelve inches across and the ends were tightly twisted. Because he looked so much like Buffalo Bill Cody he was nicknamed The Colonel. Father was good looking and always had a pleasant smile. I guess he was my hero.

Of all of the five children in our family, only sister Irene had naturally curly hair. And in our father's family six out of eight children had curly hair. Maybe, Wilda, that it where your girls inherited some of their lovely curls. And you too.

I can remember so well of hearing the talk between my parents and their friends as they gathered in our home about the great lumbering days. It seemed an exciting and interesting subject. No doubt most of the lumbering was an honest business, but it was also known that acres and acres of trees were stolen from the forests, cut into logs and floated down streams and rivers to the mills where they were sawed into lumber and sold, which made millionaires out of some of those greedy lumbermen. Even today I can recall the names of some of whose descendants still live in Michigan.

The lumbering in the forests was done mostly in winter. Logs were piled high on sleds drawn by ox teams or horses. When there

was no snow they were hauled by Michigan logging wheels. The wheels were developed by a Manistee man.<sup>3</sup> They were ten feet in diameter with steel tires six inches wide. The tongue was sixteen feet long. The whole outfit weighed a ton. It was a prodigious amount of labor to load one and securely fasten the logs with chains. Also it was a monstrous looking thing which was all one team of horses or oxen could draw.

Lumberjacks were a jolly lot of men. They worked hard all day. They were well fed. The camp cook was always a favorite among them. In the evening they had their fun: singing songs, and telling stories. According to more or less hear-say, their fun in town over the week-ends was mixed with drinking. Those who had families were always glad to get home for a visit away from the heavy and rough camp life.

Maybe the lumbering business isn't so interesting to you, Wilda, but it was quite important in the life of the people when your father and I were children. When the big log-drives used to come down the Muskegon River, which flows through Hersey, just about all of the town would turn out to see them. The great logs were often spread from bank to bank. Some of them would be chained together to make the drive easier to handle. It was quite exciting to see a driver, who was adept at handling the logs, stand on one, with a long spiked pole to control and tread it as it would roll over and over in the water. We never saw anyone miss his footing and fall in.

I remember one time when your father was nearly drowned. Mother and the two little brothers and I were sitting on the veranda quite late one afternoon. She had been wondering why Glenn had not yet come home from school, when he came sneaking around the bay window looking most unhappy. "Aha!" mother said to him, "come home drowned, did you?" She never once dreamed that it was true. "Not quite, but very near, Mother," he told her.

There was an old swimming hole above the flume where the boys of the neighborhood were used to going. He had not been forbidden to go, but he was supposed to always come home from school first so the family would know where he was. This time he seemed to

<sup>3</sup>Roy M. Overpack, "The Michigan Logging Wheels," in *Michigan History*, 35:222-25 (June, 1951), shows illustration of Michigan Logging Wheels in position to load and when loaded and ready to move.

forget about that. He knew how to swim, however he never did know just what happened, but he lost consciousness and went down. One of the older boys jumped in with his clothes on and grabbed him as he came up and went down for the third time. When he came to, his first words were, "Oh! my mother!" Of course we all were disturbed about it, but he was not kept from going swimming. He did remember, however, after that to come home first.

Father often took brother Glenn on fishing trips and once while we lived in Hersey they went on a long excursion train trip to Petoskey in the northern part of the state. They brought home to mother and me some jewelry made from those pretty Petoskey stones. Mine were earrings and father pierced my ears. I think he wanted his little girl to look like a lady!

The old wood-burning engines that in those days drew the trains, with their cowcatchers and clear sounding bells, would be considered oddities compared to the streamlined engines and coaches of today.

There were short visits of the family to the Simonton grandparents on the farm near LeRoy. Horses gradually replaced the ox teams so grandfather would meet us at the depot with his span of big roan horses and wagon or double buggy. Grandmother Simonton was a great favorite with her grandchildren. She seemed to understand little children. We used to see some of the Simonton uncles and aunts and cousins; also some of the Johnson relatives.

I remember occasional Sunday afternoons when father, mother, brother Glenn (your father), and I would walk to the Hersey cemetery, at least a mile, where sister Irene was buried. The little brothers were left with a baby-sitter or a good neighbor. A part of the way was over an old logging road where some of the planks were still above ground. Brother and I would walk on them, or try to, and had a lot of fun pushing each other off. I have never forgotten picking many wild flowers on the way nor the fragrance of the sweet fern. Wild canaries were everywhere in those days, too. I can yet hear their entrancing songs.

Sometimes father would hire a horse and buggy and take us all for a ride in the country or as far as Big Rapids, where his sister, our aunt Ellen Simonton Brown lived. Several times we went to the state fish hatchery at Crapo. There is no Crapo on the map

today. Now, they speak of the hatchery as being at Paris. That was only sixteen miles, but considered a long distance in those horse and buggy days.

As I look back I remember our dear mother's devotion to her family and home. She was frugal, though never selfish and a wonderful housekeeper. Sometimes there was a hired girl. Yes, Wilda, I can tell you some of their names. Susie Taylor and Mary Oakley were our favorites. Oh! the sugar cookies they could make! We children never had to ask them twice for cookies.

Mother was a good cook too. I recall that father often praised her cooking. She did a great deal of knitting for all of us. She never really taught me to knit, but I seemed to know how. Probably I learned just from watching her. She was a beautiful seamstress, but never made buttonholes. It was one of my little-girlhood duties to carry a bundle of garments to a lady quite a distance away so she could make the buttonholes. I was always happy to go for she never failed to have a little bag of candy for me. And, I remember going to a neighbor for our quart or two of milk. That lady had some candy or maple sugar ready too.

I shall never forget mother's thirty-fifth birthday. A number of ladies came in for the afternoon and tea. Mother looked so pretty with her blonde hair put up on the top of her head and her long (down to her ankles), gray poplin dress. It was made polonaise style and trimmed with lace and shiny oval buttons. It seemed to me that she was an old, old lady, but she was still my beautiful mother! I guess all ladies aged thirty-five then were considered old.

Father was a good provider. We all had good clothes and the pantry was always well supplied. I can yet scent the aroma from the apples: spies, bellflowers, russets, snowapples, and rambos (mother's favorite) stored away in barrels in the cellar. Evenings by the fireside with our apples, sweet cider, and popcorn are pictures in my memory, too. There were many plants in the home to make it bright and cheery. A big oleander with beautiful pink blossoms, planted in a tub, was set on the veranda in the summer and in the sunny oriel in winter time.

I remember distinctly of helping to care for the younger brother Rolvin. One time when mother was busy quilting in a back bedroom she left me to play keep-house with him in the parlor. To my

way of thinking then, he was a naughty child. I gave him a couple of vigorous slaps which he resented, and he set up a howl. Mother rescued him and put me in my place—the bed! That seemed to be her favorite punishment. Often it was my duty to wheel baby Pearl in his carriage, up and down the old board sidewalks. Hip-pety-hopping over those old sidewalks with a dear little girl friend, Estella Wilson, was a lot more fun than pushing the baby carriage.

Before I was tall enough to reach into the dishpan, mother would set me up in the highchair and show me how to wash the dishes. Sometimes I would wipe them too. Brother Glenn took his turn at helping with chores around the house, like carrying in the wood and water. We both grew up learning to do many useful things about our home.

The school we went to was not far away. It was a building of two rooms. Brother Glenn went into one and I in the other. I seem to hear the bell yet and remember some of the teachers. One I dearly loved, maybe, because of her name which I thought was so pretty—Alice Royce. Another one was Lizzy McCoy. Not quite so pretty, is it?

A rather strange thing happened in school one day. An old man lived in a shanty by himself. He did chores for folks around the neighborhood, also he cared for the schoolhouse and grounds. He was never known by any name except Old Dutch Henry, and he seemed to be alone in the world. The children all made fun of him. They would sing out his name, pull his coattail, grab at his hat or do anything they could to tease him. He became tired of it and retaliated.

One day after the morning recess, when we had all quieted down in our seats he burst into the room, threw up his arms, ran up and down the aisles and yelled, "I'm crazy, I'm crazy, I'm crazy!" We were all frightened and began to scatter in every direction. Some ran out of the room, others took refuge under the desks or hid in the coat closets, which my seatmate and I did. The teacher couldn't seem to do anything to quiet the pupils. I think she was afraid too. Then Old Dutch Henry ran into the other room and created a pandemonium by going through the same antics. Everyone, even the teachers were so taken by surprise that nothing was done to try to curb him. After he had everybody scared most to death,

and riot reigning, he went away. There was no more school that day—nor forever after did anyone tease Old Dutch Henry. His “craziness” had its results.

It has come to my mind many times during the years since why the teachers and parents did not know what their juveniles were doing and stop their rudeness!

Brother Glenn, your father, and I were no angels and surely needed correction sometimes. I do not recall that he was ever involved in anything more than the usual boy's scraps. But I never have forgotten being a party, quite innocently, to a disastrous escapade when I was only ten years old.

The little girl, Cora Hope, who was my seatmate in school, lived three miles out in the country. She was an only child. Her parents would bring her in on Monday for the week. She stayed with some relatives, but would often come to my home. We were very good little chums. Occasionally I would go home with her for a week-end visit.

On a Saturday morning, during one of those visits, when we were playing in the yard she seemed to have a sudden idea and ran into the house. Coming back she had two paring knives and gave me one, saying, “let's get us a watermelon.” Her father raised many of them, mostly for the market. She led the way to the patch. In our eagerness to find a ripe one we plugged nearly every melon. The crop was practically ruined!

I do not remember just how her parents learned what we had done. But to this day, I can see her father standing over her with a whip ready to give her a whipping. I was petrified, wondering what would happen to me. The mother begged off for Cora, saying that would not make things any better. She took her to the bedroom and put her to bed. The father hitched up the horse and buggy and forthright took me home. I received, and deserved a scolding and was put to bed for the rest of the day, too. I think we were let off easy. Never, since that day have I liked melons of any kind.

Once during the time we lived in Hersey, mother took me and the two little brothers to make a two-months stay with her relatives in LaGro, Indiana. That was my first visit there that I could remember and the first opportunity to know our grandmother Schue, and the aunts and uncles and cousins on that side of the family.

We children loved them all. Grandfather Schue had passed on years before mother had married and gone to Michigan to live.

While we were away father and brother Glenn had a real vacation too. They boarded at the Kincaid Hotel most of the time, went fishing or did whatever they wanted to. The name of another hotel was the Ross House. The landlord was called Curly Ross because he wore his hair in long curls like our father did. His little daughter's name was Minnie. She was near my age.

Hersey was quite a popular town in those days. The names of the stores come back to me: the Tom Lewis grocery store, the Bellamy department store, the Delzell drug store and Schlagels meat market; also the Brooks Flouring Mill and Shanks Lumber Mill. The most popular families were the Blodgetts, the Judkins (Byron Judkins, County Judge), the Radcliffs (Radcliff edited the county paper), the Diggins, and the Moores. Dr. Wood, brother-in-law of Mr. Blodgett, was a popular doctor. The Gooches and McFarlanes were two well-known farm families. Recalling those old names and scenes bring back familiar faces. The county seat is now at Reed City. The Hersey of today is only a ghost town. But my memories of it in the long, long ago will always be cherished.

Our father and mother were good parents and they must have fitted into the social life in Hersey those days very well for I remember the coming and going of many relatives, friends, and neighbors; afternoon teas; evenings out; and regular attendance at church. Those were truly the best years of our family life.

When the time came for a change because of the termination of father's clerkship, a farm of sixty acres near LeRoy and forty acres of timbered land in a separate section were purchased. No, Wilda, I never learned why another farm was bought. It would seem as though with father's success officially he would have continued in something along that line.

The farm was well stocked and the buildings were good. I remember what a lot of good times brother Glenn and I had riding the horses, romping over the fields, and climbing 'way up high in the hay loft. I could do anything he could and he always wanted me with him.

That first winter there was lots of snow. We could start at the top of a little grade and ride right over the fences. The snow was

so deep and it was so cold that a solid crust of ice formed and would hold up our sleds anywhere we wanted to go. Sometimes father would go with us to a hill on the back of the farm where he enjoyed the coasting too. I think as much as brother and I did.

There were many winter chores, caring for the stock and chopping wood so father was busy. Mother's days were well filled also. The little brothers, Rolvin and Pearl, were a care and with the usual household she did not have much time for outside activities, which she liked so well. But I do remember about her going to Big Rapids as a delegate to the state Woman's Christian Temperance Union convention. Father was the good housekeeper and baby-tender while she was gone.

We always went to church, the Methodist, and Sunday school. Our attendance at school, a mile and a half away, in LeRoy, was quite irregular because of the deep snow and severe cold.

When spring came farm activity began and from then on all summer everyone really worked. The usual crops were planted and gardens made. Mother was right out there, so I've been told, telling father how she thought it ought to be done. She seemed to love outdoor work, but she kept the housework well done too. Yes, Wilda, my mother, your grandmother Simonton, was a great worker.

I remember how brother Glenn and I picked all kinds of wild berries without going off the farm. Mother canned many quarts of them. He and I went with some of the neighbors to the huckleberry and cranberry marshes to pick those kind of berries too. That was always a merry jaunt.

Here, again as in Hersey, apples and vegetables were stored; this time in a pit in the yard, for winter use. We were well provided for our second winter on the farm. Life seemingly went on in a normal way. Then out of a clear sky, to brother Glenn and me anyway, another tragic day came.

Early one morning the horses were hitched to the old bobsled and mother took all four of us children to an uncle's home for a day's visit. When we returned our father was not there. No doubt mother knew what was going to happen but she never explained anything to brother Glenn or me. The little brothers were too young to even miss father. Glenn and I wondered and talked about it between

ourselves, but asked no questions. It was a strange, sad and lonesome home without our father.

Brother Glenn helped to care for the horses and other animals nights and mornings and I helped to look after the two young brothers. Glenn and I trudged our mile and a half to school. That was quite a diversion, for with some of the neighborhood children: the Moultons, Putnams, and Saches, we had good times going and coming—and in school too. We would draw each other, sometimes, on sleds; and snow-balling was fun. Making butterflies, sometimes called snow-angels, in the snow was a part of it also. As we passed a mill where logs were piled we would climb up on them and slide down. That probably was dangerous play, but no one ever stopped us, and I do not recall that anyone was ever hurt. Of course, we had to carry our dinner, in those old tin buckets, so the noon hour was another time for fun. We would get pretty hilarious at times unless the teacher happened to bring his, or her, dinner—that was a signal for less noise!

There were visits with the neighbors and relatives and friends in LeRoy. Mother took us to church and Sunday school. But none of the good times or pleasures filled the vacancy left by our father's absence. How I longed to see his smiling face and those beautiful curls.

He had deeded everything to mother and had left no debts. There was ready money for our present needs. In the spring a man was hired and with the help of brother Glenn, who was now fourteen years old, and mother's over-seeing, which seemed to be her fort, the farm work went on for sometime.

Occasionally letters came from father to mother. He was away out in Kansas. Still she never talked freely to us about him, but we did learn that he was contributing in some measure to our living. Brother Glenn and I just had to do our own thinking and wondering.

Time passed. Finally mother became tired of the farm and traded it for a hotel in LeRoy. She re-let it using the income for our living. We moved into a small four-room house in town. She took in some extra work and brother Glenn had odd jobs after school hours to supplement our expenses. I was detailed to look after the little brothers when not in school.

After we moved into town brother Glenn and I were in the same room. I don't know why—maybe I was catching up with him. It was a new two-room building with a big cupola and a beautifully toned bell. There was a large entryway where our wraps were hung and shelves for the dinnerpails of those who had a long distance to come. It was not far from where we lived. Wood for the big old box stove was stored there too.

Most of the teachers would open the school with reading, sometimes from the Bible, and singing. Then the roll was called. Present or absent would be written after our names.

The desks, with those pesky inkwells, were large enough for two pupils: boys with boys and girls with girls. Sometimes a girl would have to sit with a boy or a boy with a girl for punishment, but as I remember no one ever took it as punishment! Occasionally a boy would dip the end of a girl's long braid of hair into the inkwell. He was sure to have his hands paddled for that and the braid would need to be shortened—still it never seemed a serious offense.

One seatmate I had was left-handed. Her name was Nellie Newcombe. In trying to make her write with her right hand the teacher would often strike Nellie's left hand with a ruler. Once she injured it, but when it was healed the teacher was whacking it again. Oftentimes Nellie would cry and the pupils felt sorry for her, but it never seemed to faze the teacher. So far as I can remember no one ever complained about the teacher for in those days one was supposed to correct a left-handed child. However, that teacher, nor any other ever succeeded in making a right-hander out of Nellie.

As I look back I recall that most of our teachers were good and kind and taught us how to study and be good pupils. But, I do remember one man teacher we had who was very strict. The birch rod, which stood behind the door, seemed to serve as a threat, for I do not recall his ever using it. No doubt it helped to keep us disciplined. Most of the pupils did not like him very well. He was cross-eyed and we never could tell at whom he was looking, so we would all pay attention when he spoke in a certain tone of voice. Probably more than one of us were guilty of breaking a rule sometimes. Some of the older pupils made up a rhyme about him, but we all sang it when he wasn't around.

An eagle flew from north to south  
With A. N. Demoray in its mouth  
And when it found he was a fool  
It dropped him in the LeRoy school.

Then there was the wearing of the dunce cap and being made to stand in the corner with back turned toward the school. Sometimes a pupil with a dunce cap on would slyly look over his shoulder at the other pupils and grin. I do not think any of us took that punishment too seriously, because sooner or later most of us were sure to have to act the part. Though there were some perfect pupils.

The old water bucket was always present. It seemed to be a prized privilege to go to the well for water; mostly two boys were detailed for that. But passing the water was a choice favor. I can yet see someone with an uplifted hand and hear him say, "teacher, please may I pass the water?" We all drank from the same tincup. There was no means or thought of sanitation. Germs were unknown. And, we all lived through it!

Readin', writin' and 'rithmetic were our main lessons; but geography was intriguing. I have never forgotten how the illustrations impressed me. One especially, of the geyser, Old Faithful, in Yellowstone Park. By the way, Wilda, it was first discovered by a white man in 1872, the year of my birth. Do you suppose that is why I was so impressed with it? In after years when I beheld it in reality, those school days, the little geography, and the picture of it—all were revived in memory.

Spelling was the most fun. The teacher kept a record of where each pupil stood and as he would call out our name we would line up and "toe the mark." One time when everyone below me was missing the word (I do not recall what it was) my friend, Jessie Bevins, of those early mud-pie days, who stood just above me and wanted to be sure that I should spell it right, whispered the correct spelling to me. We were not supposed to whisper in school, so she sort of sneaked it to me in a very soft voice. It did not quite register with me, so I missed it too and had to go to the foot of the class. Then she spelled it correctly and went up-head. Anyway, I appreciated that she had tried to help her pal out. She really was the best speller in school. I do not remember that the teacher de-

tected her whispering to me—maybe she just didn't want to. They were quite lenient. Sometimes!

General spelling bees were held occasionally on Friday nights when the older folks would come to observe and some of them would compete too. It was a gala time for all. Spelling was an important part of our education in those days.

Speaking pieces, acting out plays, and singing songs took place on Friday afternoons. Once a bunch of the older pupils, including brother Glenn, your father, blacked their faces and sang an old darkie song. It was comprized of fourteen verses; and they sang them all.

For real oratory, "Casabianca" (The Boy Stood On The Burning Deck), and "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," are some of those old recitations that still ring in my ears.<sup>4</sup>

In wintertime some of us would go half a mile away during the noon hour to slide down a long hill. It was called Big Hill. And, it was big as we knew hills in those days. The long chain of sleds would sometimes get out of control, then everyone would get dumped into the snowbanks. That was fun too! Older folks and children also would go out there on moonlit nights and have a gala time. Mother would let brother Glenn and me go occasionally. He always saw that I had a ride and was well taken care of. He was a real brother! Of course it was a long walk up the hill but no one seemed to mind that. Big Hill known for so many years finally vanished with improved roads and the coming of the automobile. As we speed along there now in a car it is difficult to recognize the spot where old Big Hill used to be.

One night the dear old schoolhouse burned down then we had a long vacation until a new one was built.

And so the days and months flew away.

Through some dishonest deal mother was beaten out of the wooded forty acres. Occasional letters came from father, always with some financial aid; then after an absence of three years our parents decided to try life together again. I am sure the pleadings of brother Glenn and myself for father to come home helped to

<sup>4</sup>Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans, "Casabianca," in *Poems* (first American edition) (Boston, 1826); Rosa Hartwick Thorpe, who wrote "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," was born in 1850 and died 1939.

win. I shall never forget that home-coming. All were happy; father most of all, for I know he loved us.

There was a kind of relaxing time as we visited and became acquainted again. We went with him to visit his father and mother who were living on the original farm they had taken up in the early days. They no longer lived in the first log cabin but in a two story log house, which is shown in the picture.

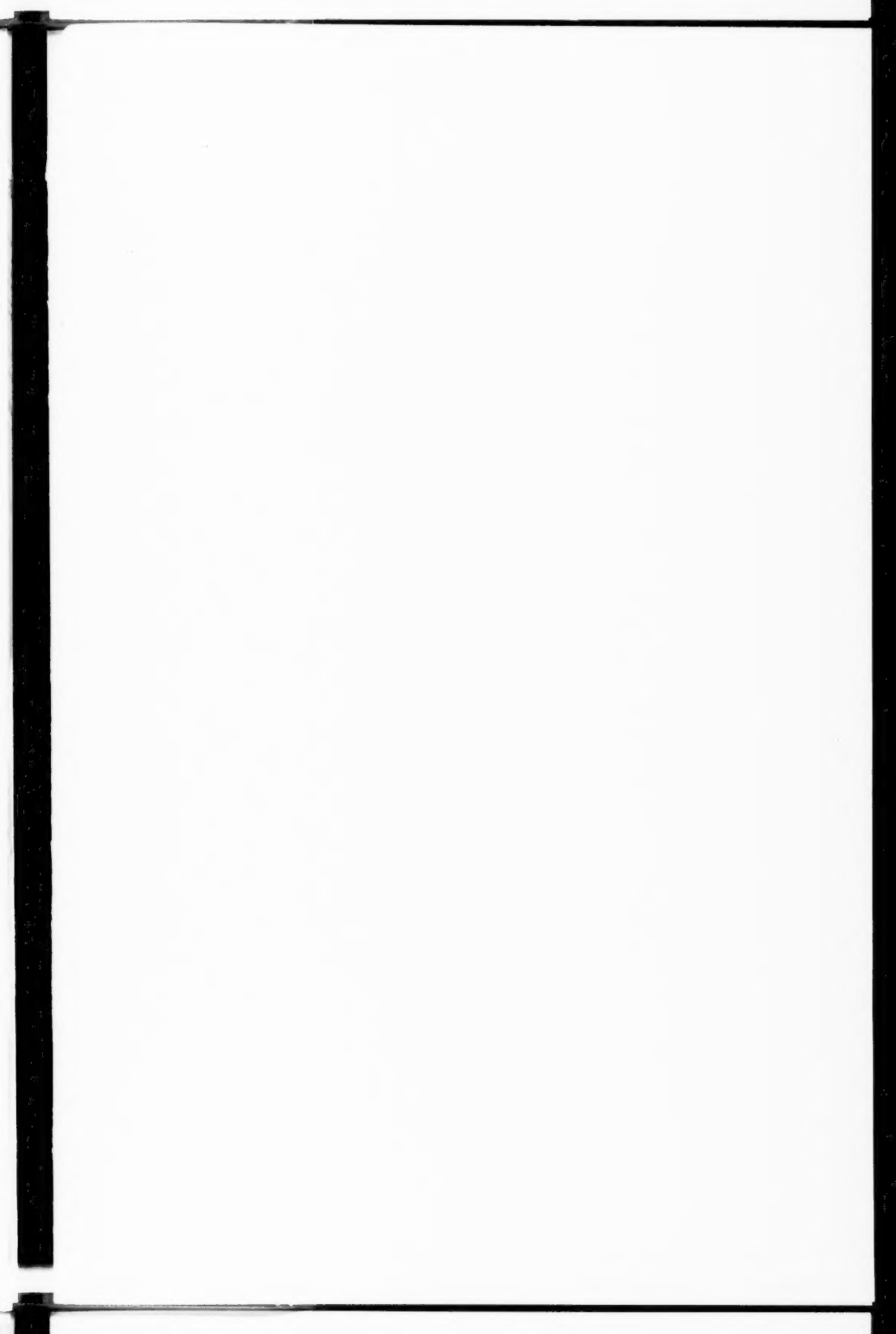
During our father's absence we had not gone very often to see our Simonton grandparents, so it was a treat to be there; to be greeted with grandmother's happy smile and to make a raid on her cookie jar was a joy in itself; also to hear again some of the stories our grandfather Simonton could tell which made our eyes pop with interest.

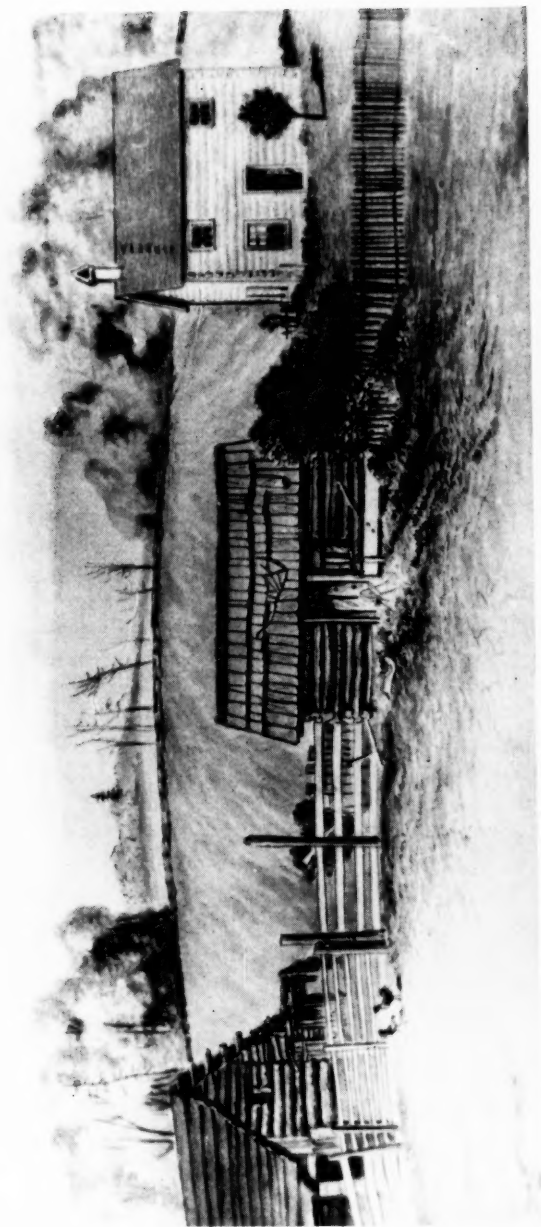
While the older folks would talk over the past and make plans for our future life, we youngsters would go out and pet the horses, peek into the blacksmith shop, (the small building in the foreground of the picture), and puzzle about putting shoes on horses. Grandfather ran the blacksmith shop along with the farming. We would chase the chickens and turkeys; romp over the hills and through the meadows that now were fresh and green in early springtime. Happy memories!

I remember so well one old big white horse grandfather owned. He must have been a circus horse sometime in his life for when band music was played, on the Fourth of July or other occasions, he would prick up his ears and snort and begin to prance, keeping perfect time with the music. Everybody knew and loved old Dan. After three days of happy visiting grandfather hitched up old Dan and Moll to the wagon and took us back to our home in LeRoy.

After the grandparents had passed on one of the sons, uncle Alexander Simonton, and his family lived in the old home for a while. One day a middle-aged Frenchman came along and asked for something to eat. It was freely given to him. He said he had no money, but if he could have a pencil and paper he would draw a picture of the house and surroundings.

Years and years later, Arletta, uncle Alexander's daughter, had a negative made from it. This picture is an enlargement I had made from the negative. Another cousin, Harry Brown, son of our aunt Ellen Simonton Brown, who is an amateur photographer,





JOHN ROSS SIMONTON HOMESTEAD AS IT LOOKED AROUND 1887

made and colored it. Mildred Brown, nicknamed Peggy, Harry's sister, now Mrs. Alvin Crosby, lives in San Jose, California, where I recently lived. Harry lives in California too. Near Sacramento.

Look closely at the picture, Wilda, and you will see a grindstone in front of the blacksmith-shop door; and ox-bow, or yoke, on the ground near by; and a scythe on the roof. The thing that leans against the fence I think is what they dragged through the potato patch to harvest the potatoes. The old rooster and hen look rather lonesome; wonder where the rest of the family is? The Frenchman was very good at detail, wasn't he? There was a leanto kitchen on the rear of the house. I can still see the stove with its elevated oven and the shelf built against the wall with the tin washbasin and the waterpail that was always there. No one has been able to identify the man by the side of the house. The meadow, or field beyond is where we children romped and picked wild flowers many times. As the years have come and gone those memories come back again and again.

After talking things over for a while father and mother decided to take possession of the hotel. It would make us a living as well as to provide a home. Business was good. Father seemed to settle into his place with his old associates in town. Looking after the trade and livery stable, which was run in connection with the hotel, kept him busy. Mother managed the culinary and general over-seeing of the household, with the help of hired girls. After school hours brother Glenn was father's shadow as they worked around the place together. I just kept growing up in all the intricacies of housework outside of my school work. The two younger brothers were too small to help anywhere.

When father could find time he acted like a small boy romping and playing with them. I remember one day when they had run away to the lumber yards. When they saw him coming after them they took hold of hands, ran home 'way ahead of him and hid under the bed. I can yet see the amusing smile on father's face when he saw them peeking out from their hiding place: it said, "Who could punish those two mischievous little fellows?" And he didn't!

I do not remember that he ever punished brother Glenn, but he gave me a spanking once, when I was about ten years old,

which I deserved, for growling because we were not to have pancakes for breakfast. I loved them. I was helping some about the breakfast and kept saying, that I wanted pancakes! Father said, "Little lady if I hear you say pancakes again, I'll pancake you!" As I went around the table placing the plates and knives and forks, I muttered to myself, "pancakes, pancakes, pancakes!" Of course, father heard me and I was led to the washroom. There the spanking (not much more than little love pats) with the back of the hairbrush was applied. I ate my breakfast of cereal, milk, and toast like a good girl and loved my father as before. That was the only time I can remember of his correcting any of us. Mother did not punish severely either, but she was stern in advising us.

I was so happy to have father home. He and I became real pals, often having our little tête-à-tête together. I think it was because I was the girl in the family that he gave me of his heart's overflow. His long curls were gone but he was my handsome father anyway. He had come home in February, now it was lovely springtime. All nature had come to life from its long winter dream. It seemed that life was beginning anew in our family, too. Busy as everyone was there were many good times: rides into the country and walks to the woods where we reveled in watching for the birds returning, and in picking wild flowers, especially the fragrant trailing arbutus; sometimes a fishing trip and boat ride on one of the many nearby lakes. Brother Glenn and I often went for long horseback rides to see some of the Simonton or Johnson cousins, or just for a canter out on the highroads.

The Simonton grandparents came to see us and sometimes we took a Sunday afternoon buggy ride out to the old farm. Father and mother would entertain some of the old friends of an evening, or had an occasional evening out to some social or church activity. The hired help could carry on very well without them.

Memorial Day came and was appropriately observed in town by getting all the Civil War veterans together. There were speeches in the church or town hall, then marching to martial music. At the cemetery the soldier's graves were decorated with small flags and flowers.

The lovely spring days fled away and summer came.

The Fourth of July fell on Sunday that year and the little town of LeRoy did things "up-brown." A three-day celebration was held—Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. At three o'clock each morning the cannons were booming and firecrackers popping. Each evening a show of fireworks was put on. About the only difference on Sunday was that the saloons and bowery dances were not open. And, I think fewer folks went to church. It was a terrifically hot day; many just sat in the shade, visiting, eating their lunches, and drinking lemonade. It was made by the barrel. Huge cakes of ice floated in it and it was good. They made the pink kind, too.

We surely were busy at the hotel. It was filled with lumbermen who came from mills around the country to help celebrate the "Glorious Fourth of July." There was plenty of drinking. Our father never drank nor was there any liquor ever sold in the hotel while we owned it. It seemed like everybody for miles around was in town those three days. They came early and stayed late.

I doubt if anyone was happier or really benefited by the "doings" or even more patriotic. Sometimes it seems that we all lose sight of the real meaning of patriotism.

When the gala days were over, alas, Wilda, it seemed that our happy family days were too, for the unexpected happened once more, as before, unexpected to brother Glenn and me anyway.

During the few months father had been home he was urged by some of the older politicians to try for the county clerkship again. They were sure that with his experience and former success he could win. Planning, ostensibly, on doing some campaigning for the office around the county, in the towns of Evart, Hersey, and Reed City; he left on a Tuesday morning by train, saying he would return that same evening. It was the first day after the big celebration. I went to the depot, only a short distance from home, to meet him. I looked in vain, as the passengers came from the coaches, for my father was not among them.

Four days of anxious waiting and thinking he would come, then mother received a note from him. It said only, "I am gone," and was signed with his initials. I was brokenhearted. Brother Glenn brooded for days. The two little brothers did not sense the situation.

Again mother was silent and made no explanation. Nor did brother Glenn nor I ask her any questions, although we talked it

over without any clear answer for ourselves. But, young girl as I was, I began to wonder what lay back of it all.

Thinking it over I recalled that one day I had heard mother say to a traveling salesman as he started to pay father for his dinner, "You pay me, I'm running this business!"

Could it be this was the kind of domination she seemed to hold over father without the children or relatives or friends realizing it? While no especial affection was openly manifested between them, neither did we children hear any particular dissension. They were good parents, but could not seem to work out their destinies together as husband and wife. Thus the broken home.

Days and days went by then a letter came from father to mother—again from the West. Idaho this time. He was penitent and sorry for all that had happened but thought it best not to try to live together any more. He asked her to apply for a divorce which he would pay for and not contest.

She fought him bitterly for years and never did grant his request. Finally he was granted a divorce under the Idaho state laws and remarried. He lived there until his death. His burial place is in Clarkston, Washington, just across the Snake River from Lewiston, Idaho. He had spent most of his later years in Lewiston.

From the time of his first writing home he wrote especially to me most always contributing some financial aid. Through our correspondence over the years, as long as he lived, he kept his interest in the children.

When school opened that fall brother Glenn was not allowed to go and never did return. Mother detailed him to look after the livery stable along with many other chores around the place. I was a maid of all work, helped to look after the younger brothers, and attended school. Mother carried on the business in her own stern set way.

During this time two of mother's sisters, Aunt Phoebe and Aunt Sophia, visited us. They helped with the work. Our aunts were fond of us children and we had some happy times with them. The hotel business was good so there was plenty of work for all.

Times were not all dull anyway for there were our boy and girl friends, picnics, once in a while a party, Christmas time and sleigh-rides, church socials, and sugaring off. Many were the parties held

in the hotel dining room. These activities helped to break the monotony of making a living.

Mother would often reprimand us for some disobedience then turn around and help make a merry time. She was not demonstrative so far as affection was concerned. I do not remember of her ever having kissed any of us, but she loved a tussle and would often start something and before it was over we all would get into a "mix-up." To keep us guessing she would sometimes talk German to us, but she never taught us to speak it. Sometimes she would sing some old German song. In many ways, Wilda, our mother, your grandmother Simonton, was an unusual character. The tragedy of it all was that our dear father was not with us. Brother Glenn and I often talked about him but mother never mentioned his name.

The lumber business was still quite good in LeRoy and another small lumbering center, Sawyerville, nearby. A large mill was operated there and a tramway of three miles was built to bring the lumber into LeRoy to the railroad where it could be shipped out. Horses were used to draw the carts of lumber. Through the week business was business but on Saturday nights men from Sawyerville came to LeRoy for recreation—more like it, many of them went on a drinking spree!

Saloons were more numerous than grocery stores and the one and only drug store sold the "stuff" too. Many were the brawls! Sometimes they were quarrelsome and would get into fights in the hotel. Many Swedish and Norwegian people were coming to Michigan then. Most of them were farmers. They were thrifty and big and strong. Some went into the mercantile business. Two young men, Pete Peterson and John Gustafson, who owned a grocery store, roomed and boarded at our hotel. They sometimes used their prowess to help quell the unruly whisky-loving bipeds.

Sometimes the drunks were funny. I remember one who always insisted on having two teaspoons, or a tablespoon in his coffee cup. Quite often they would want to sing while eating. Some of them had good voices and we would just let them sing. They were humored mostly to keep them good-natured, else we might be courting trouble.

There were tragic cases too. One time an officer brought a man,

called Old Topsy to the hotel and asked for a room to put him in. He was dead-drunk and finally developed a case of delirium tremens. He shook so that the bed almost collapsed and he kept yelling, "snakes, snakes!" Ice water applied to his head helped to keep him quiet, but most of the time it would take two or three men to hold him. He passed on without ever gaining consciousness. No one knew of any relatives so he was buried in the potter's field. What a sorry ending to his life! More shame to the liquor business!

Oh! yes, Wilda, there were good folks in LeRoy too. The two churches and the temperance union no doubt did have some influence toward keeping the drinking under control. And, still the battle against it goes on today, everywhere.

Brother Glenn always said that seeing Old Topsy was a warning to him. He vowed then and there he would never drink. We all know he kept that vow.

A traveling salesman for musical instruments persuaded mother to buy a beautiful six octave Packard organ, for which she had to go in debt. That was one of the bright spots in our family life and especially so for me. A neighbor lady gave me lessons at twenty-five cents for one hour. Quite different from the price of \$2.50 for one-half hour you pay today, isn't it, Wilda? How times do change!

The teacher, Mrs. Crosby, was a singer, too, and she discovered that I had a very good soprano voice, so she taught me something about singing. Before long she had me singing solos with the Methodist church choir, on other programs, and in school entertainments.

When and how the organ was all paid for I do not remember. It went with us on all our moves, until I was married and had a home of my own. Then it became a member of my family and lived with us many years. Finally we traded it towards a piano and said good-by to the dear old organ. It was like parting with a friend for it had helped to give me an appreciation for music, also many hours were whiled away with family singing in the days long gone by. Your father's favorite was "Juanita." We always sang it just before our song fests were over. I was ever grateful to mother for making the effort to give us a taste for the more cultural side of life.

Brother Glenn was getting some business experience along with his hard work. I was kept busy around home outside of school

hours. Those two little brothers were school age now, so mother gave me the responsibility of seeing that they were clean and ready to go. With that and my music I was well employed too.

One day in late autumn the county school commission called on the principal of our school and asked if he had anyone in his room that could take a school in a new district. He said he would give them a special permit to teach until the next teacher's examination in the spring. Teachers must have been scarce then as they are today. The principal recommended me. I was surprised as I had no thought of being prepared to teach at that time. But I said I would try. I was sixteen years old.

The school was in a country district, near Sunrise Lake thirteen miles from LeRoy. There were only two families, three children in one and two in the other. Three of them had never been to school; so I thought, maybe, I would know, at least, most of the answers! That was the end of my high school, music, and other work until the next fall.

While the new schoolhouse was being built, a lean-to kitchen of an old deserted house was used for nearly two months. During the winter more than once I braved a blizzard and waded the snow the mile and a half, built my own fires, and sat there by myself. On account of the children being ill or for some other reason they would not come. On such days I read or studied. Sometimes I did fancy work. But, in order to draw my pay I had to be there—pupils or no pupils! Twenty-four dollars a month was my salary; six of that went for board and room. I bought myself a new winter coat; it was plush—all the style then. The rest of my term's wages went into the family pool at home.

Brother Glenn or mother would take me out on Sunday with old Dollie and the cutter and come again for me on Friday afternoon. Towards spring when the snow was thin or gone entirely, Glenn would come on horseback with an extra horse for me to ride. We had many such good rides together.

The man of the family where I boarded had a young brother about my age who was helping him cut wood. Those days the young folks, and some older ones too, were ice-skaters, so this young man and I had many pleasant evenings skating on the lake by moonlight. The winter wasn't so dull after all!

I taught a two months spring term of school at Dighton, and that was the end of my teaching for several years. During the summer I was busy helping at home. In the fall I went back to high school, also resumed my music. Brother Glenn was still plodding along at home.

A brave try was made to keep the business going, but the competition of another hotel and the gradual decline of the lumber business hurt our trade. It seemed that something else would need to be done. A man from whom mother bought the hotel's supply of meat persuaded her to buy out his meat market for brother Glenn to operate. A mortgage was put on the hotel to supply the money. That was a fateful day! After several months' trial the man who was supposed to help brother get started had accumulated debts beyond all hopes of retrieving the loss. Everything went "by-the-board." But, the mortgage on the hotel held fast. Our struggle with running the hotel business went on for sometime.

Finally brother Glenn began to feel he would like something more profitable to do, so he studied by himself and passed a teachers' examination. He taught a two months spring term of country school west of town, called the Cool's district. He like it real well, but it seemed that something quite different was in store for him.

During that summer besides helping around the hotel he worked as choreboy at the depot. There, he became interested in telegraphy. Late that autumn he was given a job farther north on the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad, as telegrapher. That was the last he was ever home, except for short visits, while we were together as a family. The next summer he found a better position with a different railroad company at Addison. It was there he met the girl, Sylvia Haight, who later became his wife, and your mother.

I think mother became tired of the hotel business, and not having brother Glenn to depend on she rented it and we moved into a small store building where she tried her hand at millinery. I attempted to learn the trade too while going to school, keeping up my music, and still looking after those two young brothers. The millinery business soon turned out to be a fiasco. More money was lost. Then the hotel went under the "axe". In a way, I think, that was a relief for there were no more worries about taxes, upkeep, or interest on the mortgage.

Mother, never daunted, took over a small restaurant where there was room for a few transient roomers. This worked out very well for quite a long time. A good choreboy was hired; he washed the dishes too. The little brothers were growing up, but they did not yet figure much in the work. I was able to do most of the waiting on table and helping out in a general way, besides going to school.

We went on in quite a normal routine. But how I missed my dear brother Glenn! Once in a while we would have friends or relatives in to see us; but mostly it was a busy life. Church and Sunday school was always a part of our life no matter what else was going on.

Brother Glenn, still working at Addison, began to make monthly payments to mother, which he continued as long as she lived. Father's letters to me contained financial aid and was put into good use for the family. Mother did not hear from him any more but he did not forget his children.

Later on through the influence of some cousins, the Johnsons, who were attending college at Valparaiso, Indiana, I was persuaded to cut short my high school and take voice culture and instruction on the piano there. I have often wondered, Wilda, why I did not finish high school first. I guess there was not so much importance attached to graduating from high school then as there is now. Mother was not able to contribute a great deal financially, but with father's help and that of a friend I was there for two years. Those were wonderful years!

About that time mother took a new notion that she and the younger brothers come to Valparaiso so we could be together. She planned to rent a house and take student roomers. Some of the household goods were stored, the rest she brought with her. The desired house could not be found right away so we rented two rooms; temporarily, no roomers. We were quite comfortable. Brothers Rolvin and Pearl were enrolled in the public school. My studies in college continued. However, to make expenses come out right I contributed from my college allowance fund and did some outside work. Brother Glenn increased his payments to mother, so we were able to carry on.

Alas! Mother was taken very ill. The first time I had ever known her to be afflicted in any way. Right in the depths of winter I had

to take her and the boys back to LeRoy. The old hotel had been divided into what we now call apartments. In one of them we settled. Back to the old hotel with all of its memories: glad and sad!

The boys were enrolled in the LeRoy school. I took over the household, cared for mother, and did some outside work for a neighbor. Also, I had four music pupils.

It was a long hard pull to get mother up and going again. But a good and ambitious mother would not be kept down! Brother Glenn came to see us and helped to pay the grocery and doctor bills. Really, Wilda, I can hardly understand how we did it, but another year had been weathered.

My dream of returning to college gradually faded away.

Maybe I was to blame for that. Surely there would have been some way to see me through if I had had the spirit to carry on. But that fall I took the teachers' examination and for three years I taught in the country schools.

Mother now fully recovered, looked around for something to do. LeRoy offered nothing. Brother Rolvin, like his father, had shown his ability for figures too. So mother decided to take the two boys and move to Big Rapids where Rolvin could go to the Ferris Institute and take a course in accounting. Brother Pearl went to the public school. A house near the institute was rented so she could take student roomers and boarders.

With brother Glenn's help and mine they managed very well. The money father was sending me was turned towards Rolvin's school expenses too. It was a pleasant place to live. My summer vacations were spent at the institute which enabled me to pass the teachers' examination for a second grade certificate.

However, something very different was destined to interrupt the tenor of our living. While in college at Valparaiso, I had met my heart's desire: a captivating young man by the name of Elmer Melvin O'Neil. Nearly five years had passed since that eventful day. There had been correspondence and occasional visits during the time, but nothing really serious had come of our friendship.

Father had now given up all hopes of being reunited with his family, but still longing for his children he wrote and asked me to come to see him and live with him as long as I would like to. We had had conversation in our letters about this many times over the

years. He was living in Idaho and it was before his second marriage. He would pay all expenses of the trip. Arrangements were made for me to go as soon as my spring term of school was out.

When I wrote to my good Irish friend, Mr. O'Neil, soon after that, I told him, in just a casual way, of my plans for going West. The very next week end I was spending with mother and the brothers in Big Rapids. Quite late on a dismal, rainy evening our doorbell rang. I answered and opened the door. There he stood! Surprised and astonished, I said, "Whatever are you doing here?" He smiled and replied, "What do you think I am doing here?"

To make a long story short, we were married April 29, 1897. I never saw Idaho until some thirty-eight years later; long after father had passed on. That was when your uncle, Elmer O'Neil, and I toured the United States with an automobile and housetrailer. We visited his burial place then. But I did see him when he came East one summer. The summer you were born. We all loved him and enjoyed every moment of his visit. He was proud of you, his only granddaughter, and of Russell and Murray O'Neil, his two grandsons.

Well do I remember the day he went West once more. And, how I wished that the train to carry him away would never come! Again I was brokenhearted. There were no good-bys said. Only a last loving, quiet embrace. Brother Glenn, your father, went West once to see him and brother Pearl visited him one time when he was roving around the country. Father and I kept up our correspondence as long as he lived.

No, Wilda, our beloved father and mother did not meet while he was in Michigan.

Brother Glenn was best man at my wedding and Mr. O'Neil's sister, Ada, was bridesmaid. Now that I would no longer be home with mother and the boys it was planned that she and the younger brothers move to Toledo, Ohio, so they could be with brother Glenn and all have a home together. He had been transferred there from the office in Addison. Work was secured for Rolvin in the same railroad office where he could make good use of his business course. Brother Pearl was enrolled in high school.

My husband and I went to live with his parents, temporarily, on a

farm, near Charlotte. From then on I lived my own life, but often went to visit mother and the brothers as long as they were together.

Sometime later brother Glenn was transferred to Van Wert, Ohio, still working for the same railroad company, the Cincinnati Northern. He had made good at telegraphy and was promoted to head train despatcher. Rolvin was retained in the Toledo office. It was in Toledo where he met and married the girl of his choice, Ivy Regan Ensign. He has passed from this life now and lies buried in Memorial Cemetery, Toledo. The family was growing smaller, but mother and the two brothers, Glenn and Pearl, continued to maintain a home in Van Wert.

Brother Pearl (he never liked his name, and who could blame him?), became restless and wanted to be out on his own. He finally left high school and went to work for an electric company. It was not long before he was wandering around the country, climbing light poles as "trouble-shooter." He became quite an efficient electrician. Out among the workers he picked up the nickname "Si"—short for Simonton, probably, which no doubt he liked better than Pearl. He was tall, robust, and manly. Not in any way did the name Pearl fit him. However, the family used his given name.

His life story would make a book. There was no corner of the United States that he did not see. He assisted in putting the very first electrical wiring across Lake Chelan, Washington.

At different times he came to help mother on a farm (you see she still loved that farm, out-of-doors work) near Battle Creek where she moved after brother Glenn married. Then away he would go again; something like our father did. And, maybe for something of the same reason; for mother was, as always, very determined in carrying out things in her own way.

While working in Chicago he married and later settled in Detroit. He was employed there by the city as an electrician. We knew very little of his wife. When he came to see me in Port Huron, a short time before his sudden death, I was so saddened as he told me of his troubles. "Sis," he said, "I've made only one mistake in my life and that is my whole life."

Both he and brother Rolvin had been very close to me for I had mothered them so much. And brother Glenn had always been like a father to them. Now, we could not help brother Pearl except

with our sympathy. He was yet a young man and should have had a long and useful life. It seems that was not to be. He lies buried in a Detroit cemetery.

As I look back through the years of our family struggles a comforting thought comes to me, in that no word of discord was ever voiced between me and my three brothers. We all gave of ourselves as the call came, and always looked forward to better days.

Mother moved around considerable; but we children were able to somewhat keep up with her, visiting her as often as we could, and having her in our homes sometimes. We all contributed to her welfare and comfort as long as she lived. She was at last laid to rest in lovely Maple Hill cemetery in Charlotte.

During all the years between your father's life in Addison, and the time of moving to Van Wert, Ohio, there had been a romance going on with Miss Sylvia Haight, in Addison. One day they were quietly married and he brought her as a bride to Van Wert. Six years later you were born there.

By the fading light of the fire-place we have come nearly to the end of our story, Wilda.

Your father and mother are gone. You were a loving daughter. Always a loving niece to me. Now, with a fine husband, three lovely daughters and a happy home you are a wonderful wife and mother. May all the good that has come to you continue, with only enough of what may sadden your life to keep you sweet and humble throughout the years to come.

## Fayette

*Clint Dunathan*

FAYETTE IN 1867 WAS A BOOM TOWN; by 1895 it was a bust town; and now it is a ghost town. But it is one of the most lively ghost towns in Michigan, despite the rather contradictory statistic that the townsite's population is limited to two aging fishermen and one dog.

Located on the east shore of Big Bay de Noc on Garden Peninsula in Delta County, Fayette is visited annually by thousands of tourists and yachtsmen, who are attracted there by Fayette's scenic and historical charm, the excellent deep water harbor, the good fishing, and the nearby swimming beach. And if Fayette is purchased and developed as a state park, as the Michigan department of conservation recommends, the number of visitors will grow.

In the early years of Michigan's iron-ore rush, mining company officials sought to smelt the high grade ores from the Marquette Range of Michigan's Upper Peninsula by fueling the blast furnaces with charcoal made from hardwood forests. At Fayette these operations were successfully combined—until the hardwood supply ran out.

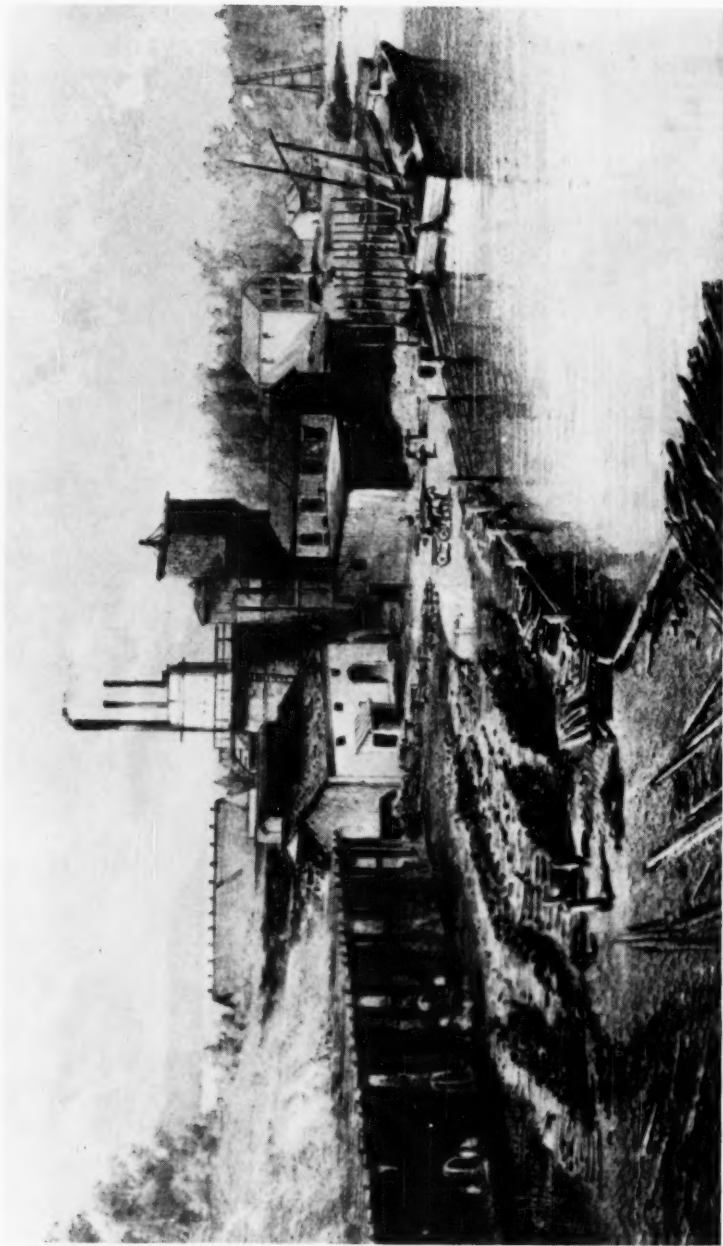
The Jackson Iron Company, owner of the Fayette Furnace, was formed as the Jackson Company at Jackson in the summer of 1845. The Jackson mine, one of the earliest developed, was at Negaunee and made its first shipment in 1856. Previously the company had sent a few tons of iron ore to the Worlds Fair in New York in 1853.

The long haul of ore down the Great Lakes was required to unite the ore with eastern coal, a wedding that produced the giant steel industry. No wonder that mining firms sought some nearer source of fuel to smelt the ore. The result was experiments in charcoal iron, necessitating the production of charcoal from green hardwood. In many sections of the Upper Peninsula this hardwood resource appeared almost inexhaustible.

In 1864 the Peninsula Railroad was completed from Negaunee to Escanaba, a port town located twenty miles west of the site that was to become Fayette. The first ore-loading dock was built at Escanaba the same year and the stage was set for the birth of Fayette, the furnace town.



FROM THE EAST BLUFF FAYETTE'S BEAUTIFUL SETTING IS REVEALED TO THE VISITOR



BEFORE 1870 FAYETTE HAD BUT ONE FURNACE. THE SINGLE STACK IS SHOWN IN THE OLD LITHOGRAPH THAT APPEARED IN THE MICHIGAN GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF 1873. THE CHARCOAL KILNS (LEFT) WERE COVERED WITH A WOODEN FRAMEWORK.

Three years earlier Fayette Brown had become general agent and manager of the Jackson Iron Company, and it was he who conceived the idea of a furnace development at Fayette. The lands were located in the winter and spring of 1864 and sixteen thousand acres of hardwood forest lands were purchased. The construction of a dock that was to grow to a total of nine hundred feet in length was begun at Snail Shell harbor.

Construction of the first furnace stack, made of limestone blocks quarried from the nearby cliffs, was begun in May, 1867, and the first iron was made on Christmas Day of the same year. A second furnace and casting-house were completed in 1870. The nearby limestone provided flux needed in the smelting operations.

Ore was transported from the dock at Escanaba by a tug and two scows of 150 and 350 tons capacity. The trip to Fayette took three hours in good weather, much longer if winds were adverse.

The problem was one of fuel, as it was almost from the outset of the venture. The Jackson Iron Company kept its own hardwood forest stands in reserve and bought from others as much green hardwood in four-foot lengths as it could. This wood was transported to Fayette on a seven-mile-long narrow gauge railway. Some of it went to kilns nearby, and the charcoal produced in these company kilns was brought to the Fayette furnace by railroad. The need for charcoal resulted in the cutting of hardwood on Summer Island, some ten miles distant from Fayette.

The green hardwood sticks were charred by controlled burning in the kilns. The charcoal yield from a cord of hardwood was about fifty bushels and one hundred bushels was required to make a ton of pig iron.

The handwriting was on the wall from the inception of Fayette, so far as fuel supply was concerned. But the town boomed through the 1860's, 1870's and 1880's, with some minor setbacks. By 1869 there was a store, office building, superintendent's house, carpenter shop, blacksmith shop, barn, nine frame dwellings and "forty comfortable log houses." A sawmill across the harbor from the furnace turned out a capacity ten thousand feet of lumber a day.

And at the company store, according to a contemporary newspaper report of 1870, "Dr. Sloan dispenses pills, pork, castor oil and calicoes among his customers with the utmost impartiality."

The villagers were described by visitors as a happy and contented lot generally. There was fishing, boating, and swimming to enjoy in the summertime; and in winter there were many dancing parties in the town hall, and meetings of the Odd Fellows, an organization whose members included virtually every man in the community. Churches and Sunday schools were well attended.

But the exception to the almost idyllic life was the strait-laced attitude of the Jackson Iron Company toward the "demon rum." The company adopted as policy the regulation that no liquor was to be sold or dispensed within Fayette. Since the firm owned the village and all of the buildings the prohibition rule was strictly enforced, to the dismay of the relatively few of the population who hankered for strong drink.

Inevitably this led to an illicit trade in liquor and eventually to an incident all of Fayette's old-timers recall with more or less accuracy. Schooners carrying a supply of liquor and girls recruited from the red-light districts of other port towns would conveniently drop anchor off Fayette on weekends and on paydays. A short distance north of town, "Pig Iron" Fred Hinks set up a drinking establishment, which he ruled with a firm hand. He was a husky who received his nickname from the ease with which he handled the pigs of iron weighing one hundred to one hundred fifty pounds.

But the incident that made even the toughest iron man see red occurred in the 1870's at Jim Summers' "Hole in the Ground" saloon located on the beach some three miles south of Fayette. Summers bought the place from Alphonse Berlanguette, who before his death reportedly made a fortune in its operation. The story goes that Summers lured a young Milwaukee girl to his establishment and kept her prisoner. She escaped to tell her story and that night a grim-faced group of Fayette men marched on the Hole in the Ground and burned it. In the fight between the Fayette vigilantes and Summers' gang, Summers was knocked out but revived and escaped.

The story of the dive has its thread of mystery that continues to the present day. Berlanguette took his fortune in gold coin, placed it in a tarred chest and buried it either in the sand along the shore or hid it in one of the shallow caves in the limestone cliffs. When he died he took with him knowledge of its hiding place and left his

widow penniless, according to the story. To this day, treasure hunters come to Fayette, some equipped with electronic metal detectors, to search for Berlanguette's gold.

But Fayette's real wealth was in the riches of its hardwood forests to supply fuel for the smelting, the readily accessible supply of limestone for flux, the comparatively short ore haul from the docks at Escanaba, the natural deep water harbor that sheltered the vessels, plus efficient operation of the furnaces described as "extraordinarily favorable" in the Geological Survey of Michigan of 1873.<sup>1</sup> From a first-year production of 4,546 gross tons of pig iron in 1868, the output increased to 14,075 tons in 1875, and later went nearly to twenty thousand tons annually before the decline began.

The hardwood forests were denuded in the Garden Peninsula to provide fuel, and charcoal was produced at more distant points and transported to Fayette. This increased the cost of fuel and made the Fayette furnace operation less profitable. Twice disastrous fires broke out, and in one of them a large amount of wood and charcoal was lost. C. L. Rhodes, the local agent for the Jackson Iron Company's Fayette furnace, was replaced about 1875 by John B. Kitchen, who was superintendent of operations there until 1883 when Kitchen and his family left Fayette for Chicago.

The furnace closed temporarily that year. Fayette's fate hung in the balance. No longer did the glow from the furnace stacks light the night sky. Many of the residents moved away and others took up farming on the cut-over hardwood lands.

But the town was to have a twilight before the sunset. Harry G. Merry, son of Capt. Henry Merry of Negaunee, one of the pioneers in the iron industry, came to Fayette to resume operations. The fire damage was repaired; the 42-foot high stacks were again stoked with ore, charcoal, and limestone; and production was continued until 1892, but never with its former success.

Merry, a colorful personality who liked horses, dancing, and parties, made Fayette a favorite week-end spot for the amusement of the people of the area. A mile-long race track was built in a natural bowl atop the bluff overlooking the town and Merry took great pride in his stable of racers and his own display of horseman-

<sup>1</sup>T. B. Brooks, Raphael Pumpelly, Dr. [Carl L.] Rominger, *Geological Survey of Michigan. Upper Peninsula 1869-1873*, 1:44 (New York, Julius Bien, 1873).

ship. Boat trips from Escanaba brought Harry Broad's twenty-five-piece band and many visitors to Fayette to join in the fun.

Then, very suddenly it seemed to the people of the Garden Peninsula, Fayette was a ghost town. Merry was transferred to Lowmoor, West Virginia, where he became superintendent of the Jackson Iron Company's furnaces. Waves pounded the dock to pieces; time took its toll of aging timbers; roofs collapsed; the bee-hive charcoal kilns fell into rubble; but the furnace stack still stood strong as castled battlements in defiance of time, wind, and weather.

While Fayette was not the first charcoal iron furnace in the state (the earliest was established by the Iron Cliffs Mining Company at Negaunee in 1858), it proved to be the second largest producer of pig iron in Michigan. In its brief but colorful history a total of 229,288 tons of charcoal iron was produced there.

About 1892 the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company acquired the Jackson Iron Company's holdings in the Upper Peninsula, including the dead townsite of Fayette that at one time had been valued at more than \$300,000. The name of its founder, Fayette Brown, is a respected one in the iron mining industry. For his grandson is Alex C. Brown, chairman of the board, and his great-grandson is Fayette Brown, Jr., assistant vice president of the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company.

The Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company sold the ghost town to Fred VanRemortel and Frank DeHooghe of Ashland, Wisconsin, in 1916, and VanRemortel later acquired full ownership and lived in the big house of the superintendent until he sold the property in 1946 to Miss Gladys Edwards of Detroit.

Miss Edwards announced plans for development of Fayette as a resort but these plans never materialized. Then in the fall of 1956 the Internal Revenue Service advertised the sale of Fayette and other properties owned by Miss Edwards at public auction to satisfy an income tax obligation. At the request of the Delta County committee for Fayette the sale was cancelled to give the state an opportunity to acquire the property. Favorable action is hoped for in the present session of the legislature.

## The State Markers Program: A Progress Report

*George S. May*

WHAT WAS FOR MANY LONG YEARS ONLY A DREAM shared by men and women struggling to promote a wider understanding of Michigan's rich historical heritage has now become a reality. By the summer of 1957 forty-eight of the Michigan Historical Commission's colorful, attractive, and readable official state historical markers will be in place at as many points in the state, providing in concise fashion accurate information about a multitude of sites, events, and activities out of the state's past. Two of these were erected during 1955-1956; the remainder have been obtained since July, 1956, when the legislature gave the commission \$25,000 to finance the marking program which the year before it had been authorized to begin planning.

At a ceremony on October 22, 1955, accompanying the unveiling of the first of the new markers, one which commemorated the centennial of the founding of Michigan State University, Dr. Lewis G. Vander Velde, president of the Michigan Historical Commission during 1955-56, pointed out that "Michigan, unlike many other states, has up to this year had no official historic-marker program." He noted that this had been "a matter of concern" to the commission, and that it had therefore welcomed the appointment in 1953 by Governor Williams of a committee to study methods by which Michigan's historic resources could receive the attention they merited. This committee was headed by Dr. Willis F. Dunbar, a colleague of Dr. Vander Velde's on the commission. Dr. Lewis Beeson, secretary of the commission, and Professor Arthur Wilcox of the Michigan State University faculty were among those who served with him. "After studying legislation in other states which have well worked-out programs," Dr. Vander Velde reported, "the committee drew up a proposed law for submission to the state legislature. Last winter this proposed legislation was considered and adopted. Under the terms of the law, the Michigan Historical Commission has the

responsibility of approving proposed sites and, in general, of implementing the program." Because the commission had no funds for marking purposes at the time, the Michigan State marker was paid for by the university.

The second marker erected was one at the Ford Motor Company's Highland Park plant, honoring it as the "Home of the Model T." This marker, dedicated on May 26, 1956, was paid for by the Ford Company. Since the commission is not now permitted to use public funds for markers which are to be placed on privately owned property the marking of such sites is dependent upon the willingness of history-minded individuals or organizations to pay for the cost of the marker. Two more institutions have followed the example of Ford. Kalamazoo College purchased a marker describing the founding of that educational institution with the dedication being held on April 22, 1957, the 124th anniversary of the issuance of its original charter. On May 22, 1957, a day designated as Our Livelihood Day during Michigan Week, a marker was dedicated at Negaunee, describing the founding of the Jackson Mine, the first of the great iron mines which have meant so much to the economic welfare of Michigan's Upper Peninsula. This marker was paid for by the Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Company, which is the owner of the Jackson Mine property. Although these companies and institutions could have purchased markers without consulting the commission, they desired to make their plans part of the over-all state marking program and thereby qualify for one of the official state historical markers. In order to do this, they all consented to allow the commission to approve the site and the text for the marker.

It is the commission's hope and belief that more and more private groups will follow the examples mentioned above in order that the many important subjects of Michigan's history which can best be treated by markers placed on private property may be marked with plaques of a design which is uniform with those now being erected and paid for by the commission on publicly owned property. Only through such cooperation will it be possible successfully to conduct a well-thought-out campaign to place before the public reliable information about the basic facts of our state's history.

Since July, 1956, when the commission has been able to purchase and erect markers with the funds which it has been given for that

purpose, a great deal of the time of the limited staff assigned to the program has been devoted to finding suitable sites for markers and obtaining permission to erect them. This task has been made infinitely easier by the splendid cooperation of the state conservation and highway departments in authorizing the location of markers in the various parks which they maintain whenever such authorization has been requested. The state educational institutions and city governments have been uniformly helpful, also, when they have been called upon for similar assistance in the placing of markers on the public properties which they administer.

In an effort to obtain texts that are as accurate as possible, each marker text that is prepared by the commission staff is carefully studied by the six members of the Michigan Historical Commission, the officials who administer the property upon which the marker is to be erected, and those groups or individuals who are known to have a special interest in or understanding of the subject treated on the marker. An effort is made to obtain a wording that will be satisfactory to all these parties before the marker is ordered. Although the majority of the markers erected thus far and those planned for the future carry only a text, eight markers purchased during 1956-57 contain maps or other illustrative materials in relief and color which both supplement and complement the accompanying historical text. The great interest that this type of marker has aroused has made the commission feel that the extra work and expense involved in their preparation is more than justified.

Experience has shown that a minimum of four to six months elapses from the time a marking project first takes definite shape to the time the finished marker is delivered by the manufacturer. The ideas for some of the markers have come from people in the areas where they are to be placed. Many others have developed out of the knowledge which the commission has acquired through surveys of existing markers of subjects that need to be covered. But in all cases it is the desire of the commission to bring into active participation in the preparation and dedication of the markers history-minded persons throughout the state. The markers program, which the commission is administering, really belongs to these people and to all the people of Michigan.

It was with great pride that the commission on February 9, 1957, dedicated the first marker to be paid for out of state funds under the new program. Honoring the coming of the Dutch to Michigan, the marker was placed in Holland's Centennial Park, and was unveiled as part of that city's 110th anniversary of its founding in 1847. Despite a damp, overcast day the ceremonies were well attended. Mr. Willard Wichers, director of the Netherlands Information Service in Holland and vice-president of the Michigan Historical Commission, introduced Dr. Willis F. Dunbar, president of the commission, who formally presented the marker to the citizens of the area. Mayor Robert Visscher of Holland and Mayor Robert deBruyn of Zeeland made brief acceptance speeches. Judge Cornelius vander Meulen, chairman of the Holland Founders Day Committee, and D. B. K. Van Raalte III, a direct descendant of the Rev. Albertus C. Van Raalte, unveiled the plaque. In the afternoon Dr. Dunbar and Dr. Wynand Wichers, former president of Hope College, addressed a Founders Day meeting in the music building on the Hope College campus. Dr. Dunbar declared that the markers which his commission is now erecting are important not only as an attraction to the tourists who play such an important role in the state's economy, but also as a reminder to Michigan's citizens of their heritage. The modern world, he pointed out, is witnessing not only tremendous technological changes but also changes in people's thinking. "We can't stop these changes, but we can shape the pattern of the future in stressing the things that were good in the America that was. Not everything in our heritage is good; some can be discarded but much of the good should be preserved."

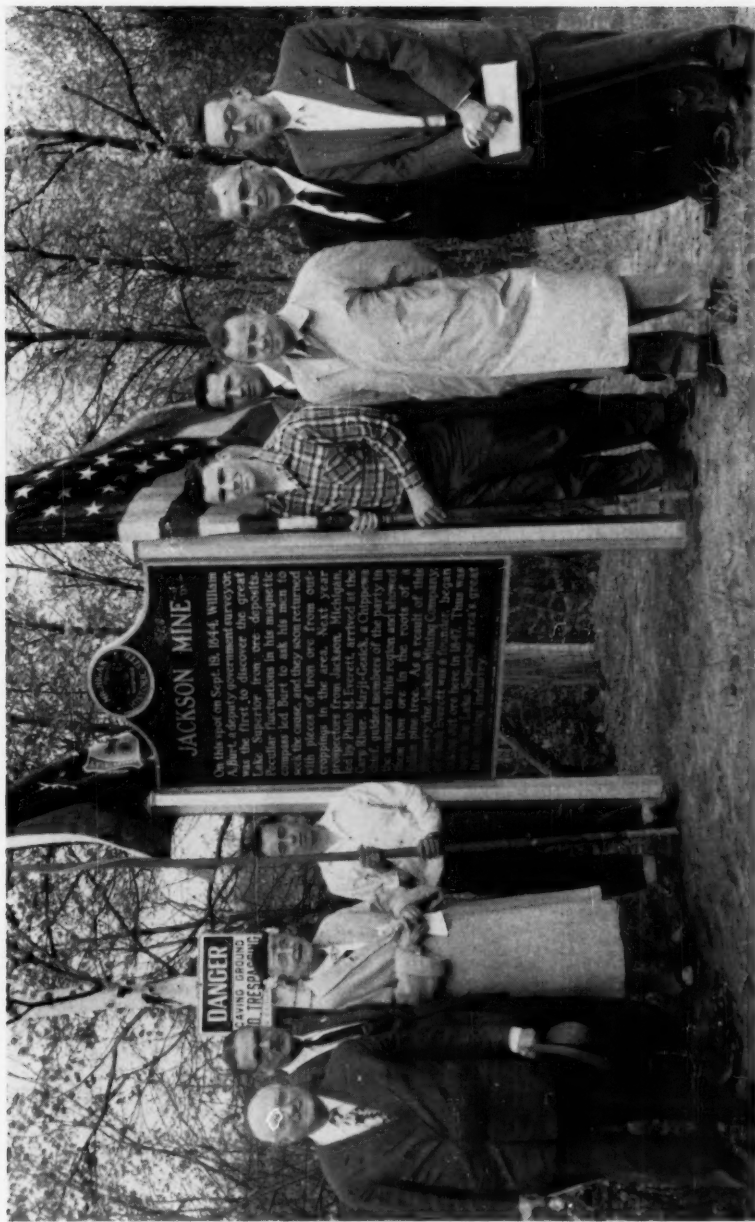
Three days after the Holland dedication Kalamazoo's Bronson Park was the scene of a special Lincoln's Day ceremony on the occasion of the unveiling of a marker describing the only occasion upon which Lincoln spoke in Michigan, the event taking place in this park on August 27, 1856. This marker, the first of the city-street, one-post type to be erected, was presented to Kalamazoo's Mayor Glenn S. Allen, Jr., by Dr. Dunbar. Brief remarks were also made by Kalamazoo's three state legislators: Senator Carlton H. Morris, Representative Homer Arnett, and Representative Cyril H. Root.



DR. LEWIS BEESON, GOVERNOR G. MENNEN WILLIAMS



RICHARD SHOCKLEY, VERNON BEAL, ALBERT BRADLEY, HOMER FORESTER



LEFT TO RIGHT — WALTER F. GRIES, KENYON BOYER, MRS. CARROLL PAUL, JIM BAGGIORE, DENNIS DOBSON, KENNETH S. LOWE, JAMES S. WESTWATER, VICTOR LEMMER, GEORGE S. MAY



LEFT TO RIGHT—LEROY C. SMITH, CLARENCE JOHNSON, HENRY EDMUNDS, WILLIAM E. KREGER

On a bright sunny afternoon on March 24, 1957, a roadside marker was dedicated in the highway department's Red Cedar Park on US-16, about ten miles east of Lansing. This marker, dealing with the Grand River Trail, which roughly paralleled the present highway, is the first of many to be erected in these parks and in the conservation department's state parks—locations ideally suited to catch the eye of the tourist. Mr. Edward C. Eckert, chief forester of the highway department, took part in the informal ceremony; as did Mr. Chester W. Ellison, a member of the commission; Dr. Lewis Beeson, commission secretary; and Mr. John Gray, president of the Historical Society of Greater Lansing. Miss Martha Mullett, a descendant of the famous surveyor, John Mullett, who lived close to this site, unveiled the marker.

With the advent of spring the rate of marker dedications began to accelerate. During April three more official state markers went up. On April 2 a marker describing the building of the state capitol was unveiled on the lawn of the capitol grounds across from the Olds Hotel at a point where it will receive maximum attention from visitors to Lansing. On April 13 the second marker to be placed in a roadside park was dedicated in the park on US-24, one mile south of Monroe. The marker text relates the early history of that city. The Kalamazoo College marker, referred to earlier, was dedicated on April 22 in ceremonies which were part of a college convocation.

As the highpoint of its marking activities for the fiscal year 1956-57 the historical commission made a special effort to secure dedications during Michigan Week, May 19-25. It is a striking commentary on the progress which is being made when one considers that whereas it was possible to dedicate only one marker, that at the Ford Highland Park Plant, during Michigan Week in 1956, fifteen markers were presented during the same period in 1957. In the Upper Peninsula the Fort Brady, Jackson Mine, Michigan Tech, and Menominee Area markers were dedicated, while in the Lower Peninsula markers dealing with the Great Fire of 1871, a Bygone Lumbering Town (Hamlin), the Underground Railroad in Cass County, Fort St. Joseph at Niles, and Fort St. Joseph at Port Huron, Saginaw Bay, the Great Fire of 1881, Beet Sugar, the Great

Storm of 1913, Eastern Michigan College, and the First Mile of Concrete Highway were dedicated during the same week.

The progress Michigan has made thus far compares very favorably with that of marking programs in other states at a similar stage of development. By the end of the next fiscal year, June 30, 1958, the commission expects to have doubled the number of official markers erected during the first year of state appropriations for this work. With the experience which its staff has gained and as the public becomes more and more familiar with the state markers it is hoped that improvements may be made in the method of presentation and in the choice of subjects which will make the markers of the future ever more successful in achieving the aims of the program.

Following is a list by counties of the title and location of the markers which have been purchased through June 30, 1957, all of which will have been erected by the end of the summer. Additional information is given in parentheses when the subject of a marker is not clear from its title.

#### ALGER COUNTY

LAKE SUPERIOR; roadside park on M-28, eleven miles west of Munising.

#### BARAGA COUNTY

KEWEENAW BAY; Baraga State Park, one mile south of Baraga on US-41.

#### BAY COUNTY

BAY CITY; Wenonah Park, Bay City.

SAGINAW BAY; Bay City State Park, five miles north of Bay City on M-47.

#### BERRIEN COUNTY

FORT MIAMI; city park on Lake Boulevard, St. Joseph.

FORT ST. JOSEPH; located on Bond Street, north of Fort Street, Niles.

## CASS COUNTY

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD; roadside park on M-60, one-half mile west of Vandalia.

## CHARLEVOIX COUNTY

MORMON KINGDOM (on Beaver Island); on the green at the public dock at Charlevoix.

## CHEBOYGAN COUNTY

INLAND WATERWAY; Burt Lake State Park, one and one-half miles south of Indian River on US-27.

## CHIPPEWA COUNTY

FORT BRADY; Park Place near Brady Park, Sault Ste Marie.

## CLARE COUNTY

LOGGING RAILROADS; roadside park on US-27, two and one-half miles north of Clare.

## DELTA COUNTY

LITTLE BAY DE NOC; city park on Lake Shore Drive, Escanaba.

## EMMET COUNTY

PASSENGER PIGEON; state fish hatchery one mile west of Oden on US-31.

## GOGEBIC COUNTY

GOGEBIC IRON RANGE; roadside park on US-2, one mile east of Bessemer.

## GRAND TRAVERSE COUNTY

GRAND TRAVERSE BAY; Clinch Park, Traverse City.

## HOUGHTON COUNTY

COPPER COUNTRY; roadside park on US-41, four miles south of Calumet.

MICHIGAN TECH; on the campus of Michigan College of Mining and Technology, Houghton.

## HURON COUNTY

GREAT FIRE OF 1881; roadside park on M-25, one-half mile south of junction of M-25 and M-142.

## INGHAM COUNTY

GRAND RIVER TRAIL; roadside park on US-16, four miles west of Williamston.

MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY; wall marker on Beaumont Tower, campus of Michigan State University, East Lansing.

STATE CAPITOL; on capitol grounds at intersection of Capitol and West Michigan Avenues, Lansing.

## KALAMAZOO COUNTY

KALAMAZOO COLLEGE; on the campus of Kalamazoo College, Kalamazoo.

LINCOLN AT KALAMAZOO; Bronson Park on US-131, Kalamazoo.

## KEWEENAW COUNTY

FORT WILKINS; Fort Wilkins State Park, one mile east of Copper Harbor on US-41.

## MACKINAC COUNTY

LAKE MICHIGAN; roadside park on US-2 at Gros Cap, near St. Ignace.

MACKINAC ISLAND, city parked lot, City of Mackinac Island.

MARKET STREET; entrance to Market Street, City of Mackinac Island.  
ST. IGNACE; old ferry dock, St. Ignace.

ST. IGNACE MISSION; near the corner of Marquette and State Streets, St. Ignace.

## MANISTEE COUNTY

GREAT FIRE OF 1871; Orchard Beach State Park, two miles north of Manistee on M-110.

## MARQUETTE COUNTY

JACKSON MINE; Jackson Mine location, Negaunee.

MARQUETTE IRON RANGE; city park at intersection of US-41 and Maple Street, Negaunee.

## MASON COUNTY

A BYGONE LUMBERING TOWN (Hamlin); Ludington State Park, eight miles north of Ludington on M-116.

## MECOSTA COUNTY

FERRIS INSTITUTE; on the campus of Ferris Institute, Big Rapids.

## MONROE COUNTY

LAKE ERIE; Sterling State Park, at north limits of Monroe from M-56.

MONROE; roadside park on US-24, one mile south of Monroe.

## OAKLAND COUNTY

CLINTON-KALAMAZOO CANAL; Bloomer State Park No. 2, one mile east of Rochester from M-59 and M-150.

## OTTAWA COUNTY

DUTCH IN MICHIGAN; Centennial Park, Holland.

## PRESQUE ISLE COUNTY

LAKE HURON; roadside park on US-23, twenty-six miles north of Rogers City.

## SAGINAW COUNTY

BEET SUGAR; roadside park on US-23, three miles north of Saginaw.

## SANILAC COUNTY

GREAT STORM OF 1913; roadside park on US-25, one and one-half miles south of Port Sanilac.

## ST. CLAIR COUNTY

FORT ST. JOSEPH; Gratiot Park on US-25, Port Huron.

ST. CLAIR RIVER; Algonac State Park, two miles north of Algonac on M-29.

## WASHTENAW COUNTY

EASTERN MICHIGAN COLLEGE; on the campus of Eastern Michigan College, Ypsilanti.

MICHIGAN'S INTERURBANS; Gilbert Park, Ypsilanti.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN; in front of the General Library of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

## WAYNE COUNTY

FIRST MILE OF CONCRETE HIGHWAY (Woodward Avenue between Six and Seven Mile roads); Palmer Park, Detroit.

HOME OF THE MODEL T; Ford Highland Park Plant, Woodward Avenue, Highland Park.

## Quincy Mine: The Old Reliable

*William H. Pyne*

TWO AMBITIOUS AND ENERGETIC MEN — Christopher C. Douglass and Ransom Shelden — are generally considered to be the fathers of the Portage Lake copper district and their names are linked to many of the mining companies of the region. Christopher C. Douglass was a cousin of Dr. Douglass Houghton, and had acted as his assistant geologist during the first state geological survey. This survey by Dr. Houghton furnished the first definite information about native copper deposits in the Lake Superior region. In 1845, Douglass directed the operations of the Ohio and Isle Royale Mining Company on Isle Royale. He was also agent for the Lake Superior Mining Company, which opened a shaft on property he owned on the east bank of the Eagle River. It is reported that a piece of silver weighing about eight and two-thirds pounds was taken from this particular mine. Douglass and some miners were discharged from this mining operation when an unrecorded quantity of silver disappeared.

There is no doubt that Ransom Shelden, Douglass' brother-in-law, had a hand in the birth of the Quincy Mine. He had come to Portage Entry in 1846 from Illinois and had established a store at the entry in time to meet the propeller-driven Independence, making her first trip on Lake Superior in the spring of 1847. John H. Forester paints us a fascinating if not nostalgic word picture of Ransom Shelden during this early pre-Quincy mine period.

. . . there was one man in the district, living with his family in a log hut, among the Indians, at the mouth of Portage River, subsisting on fish and potatoes, trading in furs in the winter, exploring on the range in summer; this man, with limited education and scanty knowledge of geology and mineralogy — having been a tin-peddler in New York State and a peddler of essences and nostrums in the West — this man, full of pioneer energy and courage, was an enthusiast. He believed in the value of the mineral resources of his beloved Portage. . . . He went back to the woods and there, solitary and alone . . . hunted for and found

what afterwards proved to be some of the richest copper deposits in the world. This man was Ransom Shelden.<sup>1</sup>

According to Angus Murdoch, "Shelden was a man of adjectives" and Douglass was "a man of verbs." Douglass was undoubtedly a very active man and the "four variants of his signature; Christopher, C. Columbus, C. C., and the full Christopher Columbus Douglass turn up in so many early mining reports that you might think the man was actually four brothers."<sup>2</sup>

During the summers of 1847 and 1848 various groups of prospectors, among whom may well have been Douglass and Shelden, poked around the hill behind the present city of Hancock, and located some bedded formations of copper on land owned by James A. Hicks. While these deposits of copper were not of a startling nature they were of sufficient quantity to warrant further development. With this small discovery the Quincy Copper Mining Company was organized with a capital of \$200,000, having 20,000 shares of stock at a par value of \$10 each. On March 30, 1848, the Quincy Copper Mining Company was granted a thirty-year charter by a special act of the Michigan legislature. C. C. Douglass was appointed engineer, and systematic exploratory work was started. Just where the name Quincy for the mining company came from no one seems to know, but it has been suggested that the company was named in honor of the prominent Quincy family of Massachusetts. Three years after the organization of the Quincy, Shelden moved his store to the mine site atop Quincy hill. In the meantime Douglass had bought up the land upon which the village of Houghton and the city of Hancock are now located, and in 1852 he and Shelden opened another store on the south bank of Portage Lake. This new store, known as Shelden's Store, was the first building in Houghton.

Success did not come overnight to Shelden's "beloved Portage." Early exploration at the Quincy revealed only the poor-paying thin cross veins, and some layers of amygdaloid, which were later found to run parallel to the rich lodes. It was these rich loads, discovered by a neighboring mine a few years later, that were to make the

<sup>1</sup>John H. Forester, "Lake Superior Country," in the *Michigan Historical Collections*, 8:139-40 (Lansing, 1886).

<sup>2</sup>Angus Murdoch, *Boom Copper*, 114-15 (New York, 1943).

Quincy famous as the "Old Reliable." Until their discovery the Quincy fussed hopelessly over the poorer layers and cross veins. By 1850 the Quincy, according to Foster and Whitney's report, had not been sufficiently developed to enable them to form an opinion of its value. The report said:

*Quincy Mine* is situated near Portage lake, on section 26, township 55, range 34. The surface of the country rises somewhat abruptly from the water, not in broken cliffs, but rounded hills. The elevation of this mine is, by estimation, 400 feet. The rock is a dark-brown trap, composed of hornblende, feldspar, and chlorite. The vein bears north 43° east, and dips rapidly to the north, corresponding with the course of the formation—the only instance of the kind observed on Keweenaw Point. A string or branch was observed in a ravine nearby, bearing north 45° west, which yielded native copper in sheets of considerable size.<sup>3</sup>

This was a very discouraging period in the history of the Quincy. A report of the directors of the Quincy Copper Mining Company, dated September 3, 1861, reporting on this period said:

From the time of the organization of the Quincy Copper Mining Company in 1848 up to 1856 no satisfactory progress was made, the exploration and workings being attended with such outlays as to discourage operations of magnitude in the absence of a prolific vein.<sup>4</sup>

In 1851 Samuel Worth Hill became the first regular agent of the Quincy Copper Mining Company. Here was a man who typified the popular conception of what a mining man is like. Like Douglass he had worked with Dr. Houghton on the state survey, but unlike Douglass he had a reputation of being one of the most blasphemous and obscene swearers in the Keweenaw Peninsula. The old timers around the Copper Country to this day swear that the phrase "What the Sam Hill!" was coined by some wag to symbolize the extent of Hill's blasphemous speech. However, he has been credited with making the Quincy Mine a first-class producer. This was no little feat, for the Quincy by August 1, 1861, had spent more than \$900,000 since its organization, and a statement of receipts and expenditures showed the company to be \$19,329.63 in

<sup>3</sup>J. W. Foster and J. D. Whitney, "Report on the Geology and Topography of a Portion of the Lake Superior Land District, in the State of Michigan," in *House Executive Documents*, number 69, part 1, Copper Lands, 139-40 (31 Congress, 1 session) (Washington, D. C., 1850).

<sup>4</sup>"Romances of Great Mines, No. 38—Quincy," in the *Copper, Curb and Mining Outlook*, 24 (January 24, 1917).

the red. Assessments on stockholders certainly was not a very strong incentive for investment in a mine though that mine would someday be known as the "Old Reliable." By 1855 the Quincy had two shafts sunk and some excellent masses of copper had been uncovered. There was the inevitable faith in mass copper, which had made the old Cliff Mine up the peninsula a real profit maker; but the Quincy's fame was to come from amygdaloid ore. The two shafts of the Quincy had been sunk to a depth of 70 and 75 feet, the mere beginnings of the Quincy's incredible depth of between 6,200 and 6,400 feet straight down.

Although the Quincy had two shafts sunk, all was not fair with the "Old Reliable" or the Portage Lake district. The Quincy, like the rest of the mines of the area, had not yet discovered the great rich lodes that were to line the pockets of stockholders with huge dividend payments. But in 1856 the Pewabic Company found the great amygdaloid lode, which carried 2 to 4 per cent finely disseminated copper imbedded in amygdaloid rock. The discovery of the Pewabic Lode brought a boom to the Quincy. A close neighbor of the Pewabic Mine, the Quincy soon tapped the same lode and managed to produce 13,462 pounds of copper during 1856.

Then, as the Quincy was beginning to take shape towards becoming a mine capable of living up to the nickname of "Old Reliable," trouble came with a slow decline of copper prices after 1856. In spite of a depressed copper market, the Quincy was up among the top producers and managed to increase its production. If the Quincy was to prove successful, it was necessary to operate on a large scale because of the low copper content of the rock and the depth of the lode it was working. All of the amygdaloid mines of the area, of which the Quincy ranked at the top, were coming into their own, although not in any spectacular fashion.

In January, 1858, Thomas F. Mason was elected president of the Quincy Copper Mining Company. His name first appeared in the report of a meeting held in Detroit in 1856. Mason held the position of president, with the exception of one year (1873), until the time of his death; in this connection with the Quincy he was called everything from the "firm's most potent and vital factor" to an "Old Pirate." Some of his behind-the-scenes-manipulations probably account for the latter term. For example, it is said that he purchased

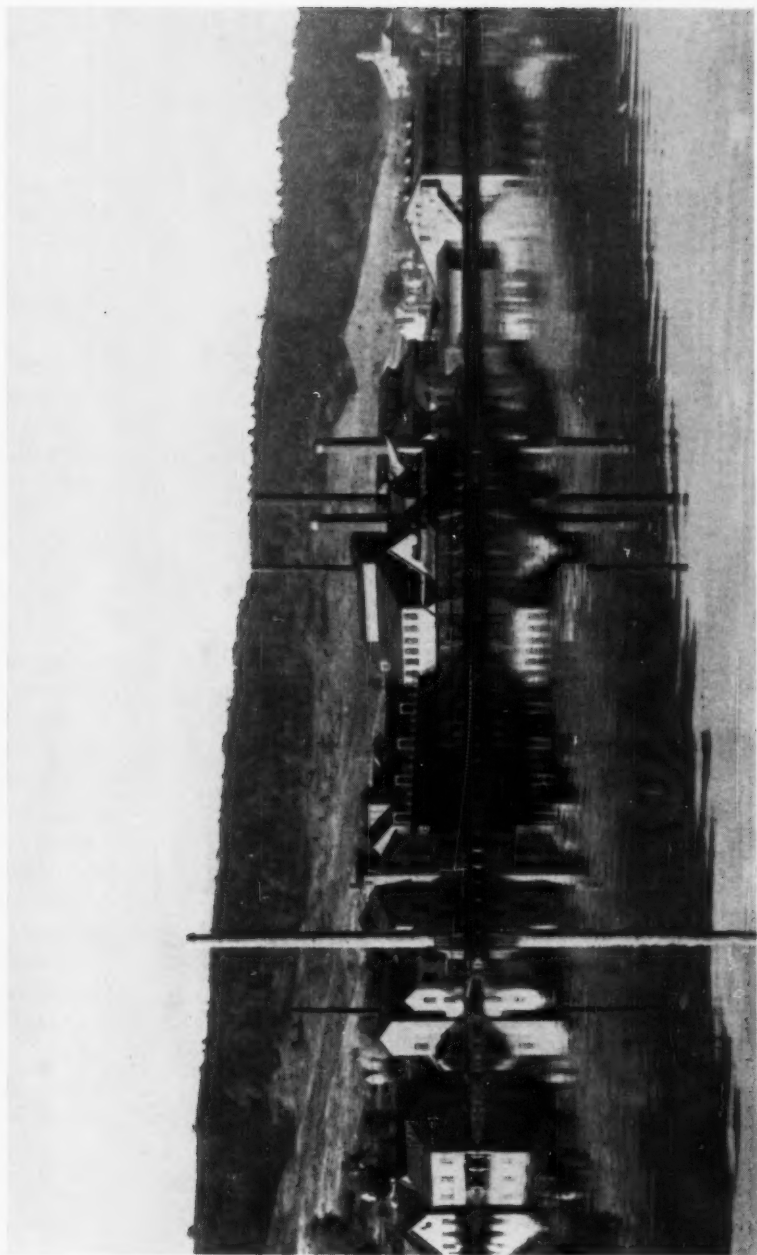


Photo Courtesy of Alex Nelson, Houghton, Michigan

QUINCY SMELTER AT RIPLEY, MICHIGAN, AS SEEN ACROSS PORTAGE LAKE FROM HOUGHTON

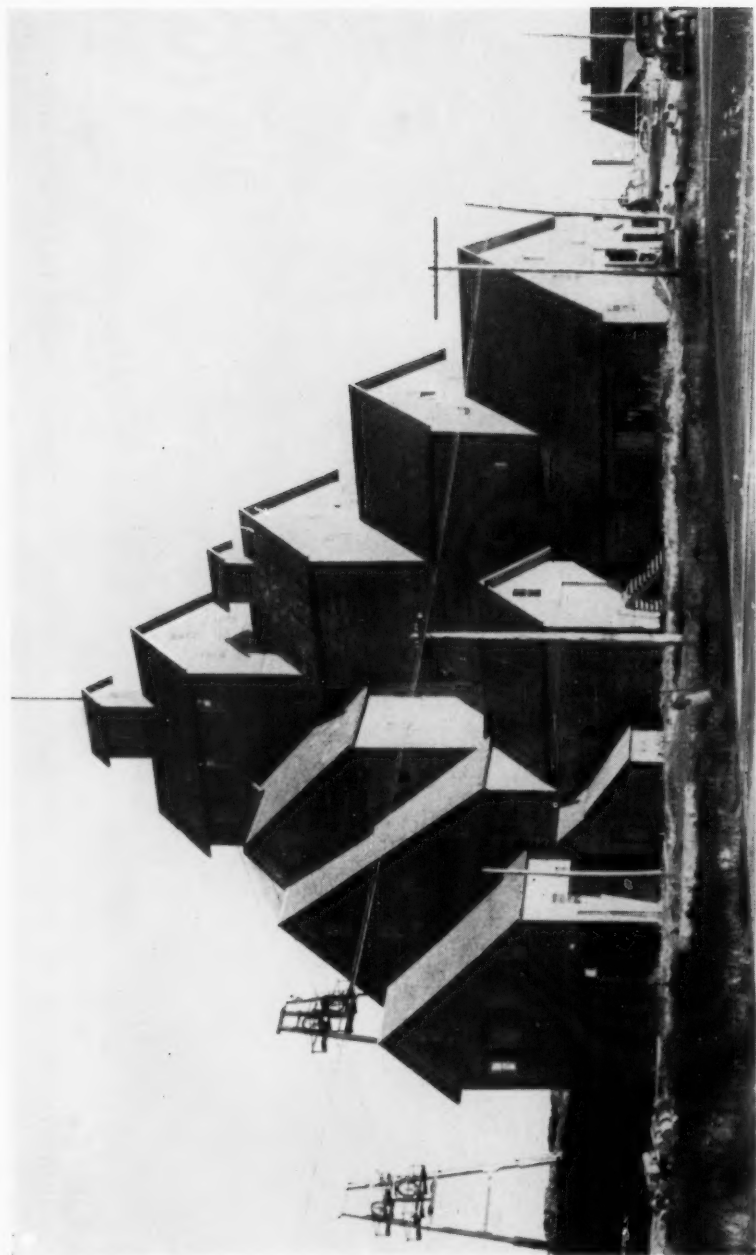


Photo courtesy of Alex Nelson, Houghton, Michigan

ONE OF THE MANY SHAFT HOUSES OF THE QUINCY MINE ATOP QUINCY HILL. THIS MANY-GABLED SHAFT HOUSE IS PROBABLY THE MOST FAMOUS; HAVING BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED AN ESTIMATED 1,000,000 TIMES

the property of the Pewabic Company for the sum of \$710,000 and promptly resold it to the Quincy for \$1,000,000.<sup>5</sup>

Production at the Quincy continued to increase steadily; and, in 1861, the first seven months' total mineral product was 1069 tons. Profits from March 1 to August 1 were \$44,128.46, with copper selling at an average of 18.17 cents per pound. Even with the profits rolling in, the Quincy was still in the red at the end of year. In 1862 the Quincy made the grade as a dividend paying mine and distributed \$60,000 to its stockholders. If the payment of dividends were to continue the Quincy had to reduce costs. Because the Quincy's shafts were going deeper and deeper, it soon became a loss of labor to have the miners climbing up to the surface on ladders. To combat this loss of labor the management installed "man-engines" for raising and lowering the miners in deep shafts. Gates describes these "man-engines" as consisting "essentially of two long beams, working in counterbalance and having platforms at short intervals. (The men step back and forth.)"<sup>6</sup> To improve its stamping methods, the Quincy Mill substituted iron for the small Cornish pestle wooden stamps, and with the installation of more powerful engines had seventy-four stamping heads in operation by 1862.

Most of the mining during this period was done under contract at prices that would pay the miners from thirty to sixty dollars a month, depending largely on the yield of the ground they were working. Surface men earned around twenty-six dollars a month; the local boarding houses charged between twelve and fifteen dollars per month for room and board. O. W. Robinson, who worked at the Quincy mine as a surface man in 1862, reports that mining methods used were crude in comparison to later developments. Drilling was done by three men, one man holding the drill while the other two men drove it alternately with sledge hammers—a method of drilling still being used at the Quincy as late as 1874. Robinson gives us a good description of what the surface man's job was like. He reports:

After the rock was brought to the surface of the mine it was calcined and broken up by hand. At the mouth of each shaft there was a long

<sup>5</sup>"The Quincy and Pewabic Mines," in *The Nineteen Twenty Four Keweenaw*, 254 (Houghton, 1924).

<sup>6</sup>William B. Gates, Jr., *Michigan Copper and Boston Dollars*, 285 (Cambridge, Mass., 1951).

shed with open sides called a kiln house. In this first was built a foundation of wood twenty-four feet square and four feet high, with arches or openings in which to start the fire. Around over this pile of wood, mine rock was heaped to the height of four or six feet more, and then the wood set afire. The heat cracked the rock and made it much more easily broken, which was done by hand.

These kiln houses were large enough to allow the building of three kilns in each one so that while one was being burned out another would be (in the) process (of) construction, and the men might be breaking up the rock on the third. As the rock was broken up, that which was seen to contain copper was put in cars to be sent to the stamp mill, while that which carried no copper was sent to the rock pile. Each kiln house employed thirty to forty men, and this method of breaking rock was used until the seventies.<sup>7</sup>

With the advent of the Civil War the price of copper shot skyward and many skilled workers needed in the mines were lured into the Union Army. The miners who remained behind became rebellious and demanded higher wages. The Quincy found it necessary to grant substantial wage increases to its miners in 1863 in order to compete with the widespread unrest. By 1864 the average contract wages at the Quincy had reached \$65.50 per month. With more money in their pockets the miners became unruly and laid off work at will for heavy drinking bouts. Agitators and Copperheads stirred them up in their demands for large increases in pay. At times the mines were unable to operate because the majority of the miners showed up too drunk to work and others simply stayed away. The area was in an almost continuous state of riot, with bands of drunks going so far as to break into homes at night. Women and children remained in doors after dark; only the bravest of men ventured forth at night, and then they were generally armed and kept to the center of the streets.

The peaceful citizenry of the community was easily talked into a proposal for the organization of a vigilantes committee. Ransom Shelden was the guiding light of this organization, and soon the vigilantes committee held nightly secret drills in the loft over his store building in Houghton. But the vigilantes never took any direct action against the violence and many a culprit went unpunished for his crimes. In 1863, Congress passed the Conscription

<sup>7</sup>O. W. Robinson, "Recollections of Civil War Conditions in the Copper Country," in *Michigan History*, 3:598 (Lansing, 1919).

Act: a district that raised its quota by volunteers would not have its men conscripted. The local citizens immediately raised a fund and offered the young men of the area a bonus of \$300 to enlist in the Union Army. This put more pressure on the mining companies who were eager to operate at full capacity in order to capitalize on the increased copper price.

At the Quincy there was a young Swedish engineer by the name of Silverspar who saw a way to beat the situation. He suggested to the Quincy that he be sent to Sweden to recruit miners. He managed to sell this idea to the Quincy management, who, along with other hard-pressed mining companies, sponsored his trip to Sweden. While Silverspar was in Sweden on his recruiting mission, the mining companies began building houses for the expected influx of Swedes. The Quincy built its Swedetown atop Quincy hill. When the Swedes arrived in the Copper Country the mining companies' plan backfired with a loud boom. Most of the Swedes arrived in time to get in on the \$300 bonus for enlistment in the army, and were soon lured away by avid recruiters and persons willing to pay even higher prices for substitutes. The mining companies had merely furnished men to fill the ranks of the Union Army. Never again did they try to import foreign labor for the mines.

As things began to settle down, the state government sent in a supply of firearms to the Quincy. The firearms were stored in the basement of the mine office when not in use for drill purposes. To encourage more active participation in the drill by its employees, the Quincy built some barracks near the mine in the spring of 1864. The state furnished an instructing officer for the purpose of holding regular drills every week. It is reported that approximately 150 men attended these weekly drills, which were more for home protection than to equip men for the army.

Although in the rest of the country currency had depreciated and in some areas had become quite scarce, the Copper Country had no such problem. The mining companies issued a sort of script, commonly called "Copper Money," payable to the bearer, in one, two, five, ten, and twenty dollar denominations. This money was accepted by all local merchants, the only shortage was in fractional amounts of a dollar to make change. This "Copper Money" acted as somewhat of an anchor to hold back some of the more restless

miners who might be tempted to leave the area, for it was difficult to convert Copper Money into United States currency. In 1874, the legality of this kind of money became questionable, and the Federal government placed a 10 per cent tax on commercial money every time it changed hands. When the department of internal revenue began to look into the situation, the frightened mine owners had friends in Washington get them off the hook. They ceased issuing "Copper Money."

During the frenzied activities of the Civil War the Quincy management pushed aside one of its previous policies in order to combat the rise in the price of groceries. Before the fall of 1863, the Quincy had refused to operate a company store; in that year it opened a store to supply its own employees with the necessary staples at wholesale prices. The Quincy continued this store until the close of the war when it was sold to S. D. North. During this time the "Old Reliable" improved the handling of stamp sand by the installation of a sand wheel at its stamp mill. This sand wheel acted in the capacity of a modern conveyor inasmuch as it elevated the waste sand, thus allowing gravity to carry the sand farther away from the mill.

After the war the Quincy, continuing inconspicuously to make copper year after year in the best of amygdaloid mine fashion, soon included western manufacturers among its customers. It shipped ingots of copper for the first time to Chicago in 1866. Two of its most important directors, Thomas F. Mason and T. Henry Perkins, were associated with an eastern brokerage house, and served on the boards of seven other companies as well. These eight companies produced 38 per cent of the copper in Michigan. With such a tangle of board members it is easy to conceive how two of the Quincy's board members were accused of buying up the mine's copper at prices below market value and then reselling it for a personal profit. This might account for the drop in the profits of the mine in 1865, when the Quincy paid a dividend of \$160,000 — quite handsome, but \$120,000 short of the previous year.

Around 1870 an attempt had been made to use pure nitroglycerin oil in underground blasting. Nitroglycerin was approximately thirteen times as strong as the black powder in current use, and a number of terrible accidents through its use caused an uproar among

the miners. To overcome the minters' aversion to nitroglycerin, in 1874 the Quincy experimented with "giant powder" which concealed its 50 per cent nitroglycerin content under the trade names "Hercules" and "Excelsior." Most of the drilling was still done by hand until around 1880, when, because of a temporary labor shortage, the Rand air compressor and drill was adopted. With this drill production could be maintained with less than two-thirds of the number of underground men formerly employed. In pursuing its policy of improving methods and reducing cost, the Quincy reduced stamping costs in 1874 to \$1.08 per ton, where they remained fairly stable until costs were further reduced to 72 cents per ton through the use of the direct action Ball steam lamp in 1887. Up to that time the Quincy had stuck with its 72 drop stamps to crush the mine ore.

In 1873 the Quincy produced 2,621,087 pounds of copper and by 1876 its deepest shaft was probing some 1,800 feet into the bowels of the earth. Already the Quincy had paid its stockholders \$1,890,000 since it had begun operations in 1848. The banner year, as far as organization was concerned, for the Quincy was 1878. In this year the Quincy's original articles of incorporation expired, and on March 6, it was reincorporated under the laws of the State of Michigan. This was the year of big decisions and the Quincy was not only reincorporated but this time incorporated with a capital stock of \$1,000,000. Management saw greater profits in sinking the shafts of the Quincy to a great depth, ordered heavy hoisting engines and machinery, built a new rock house, and consolidated the Quincy's boilers under one roof. This expansion paid off well. By 1882 the Quincy had reached depths of over two thousand feet and was getting an excellent yield of copper in comparison to other amygdaloid mines in the district. The milling returns of the Quincy's ore was running as high as 2.6 and 2.8, while the other amygdaloid mines of the area had to be content with returns of 1.2 to 1.5. The Quincy's lode consistently ran richer than its rivals. In 1883 the Quincy produced 6,012,039 pounds of copper, getting an average of 850 pound yield of fine copper per fathom broken. Between 1883 and 1904 it more than tripled its annual output.

Having long followed a policy of conservativeness and independence, the Quincy showed no scruples when it broke with the cop-

per pool in 1884. This pool had made Calumet and Hecla sole selling agent for all lake companies in foreign and domestic markets. The Quincy secretly made a deal to export copper at a cent and a half above pool prices. Word of the Quincy's secret deal leaked out and the other pool members were furious. They immediately sought an injunction in the Michigan courts in hope of forcing the Quincy back in line. The Quincy was successful in defending its action in the court and while the rest of the members of the pool were stuck with their foreign and domestic contracts, the Quincy sold copper in England above pool prices.

In contrast to law suits, huge dividend payments, large production records, technological advances, and the general bigness of the copper mines in Michigan, it may be well to consider here how copper mining affected the miners and their families. Before 1858 Cornish (nicknamed "Cousin Jacks") and Irish (nicknamed "Micks") immigrants found their way to the Copper Country of Michigan and were soon the manpower behind the Lake mining companies. The life of a miner in those days was mighty rugged and only on Sunday did he see much of the sun or neighbors, so it was not mere chance that this day was generally punctuated with tale-swapping, hard drinking bouts, and general hell-raising. It was on such a Sunday in the spring of 1858 that a long-brewing battle broke out between the Cousin Jacks and the Micks in Ontonagon. The Irish, being outnumbered, took refuge in the second story of a local saloon. And, as the story goes, the Cornish miners promptly set fire to the saloon to smoke out the pesky Micks. When the Irish began jumping from the second story windows and the Cornish began taking pot shots at them, a Cornishman was felled from behind with an axe by the owner of the saloon. When word of this skirmish was carried to the Portage Lake area, the Quincy and other mines of the area were soon cleaned out of Irishmen, who gathered four hundred strong at the Quincy dock fully prepared to march through the woods to Ontonagon and annihilate every Cousin Jack in sight. After hours of hot debate and discussion, wiser heads managed to discourage any such move, but not before messages were received in Ontonagon of the proposed invasion. The steamer Illinois was docked at Ontonagon and as it was about to pull out many fright-

ened citizens of Ontonagon swelled her passenger list in their haste to find more peaceful surroundings.

In these early days the Quincy had little labor trouble with its miners and operated quite free of strikes and disputes. The reason for this was that the miners were engaged on the contract system. The miners entered into the contracts knowing well that a good pay day would depend almost entirely on their own skill and energy, and the richness of the lode they worked. Most of the mines, following the tradition of the mines in Cornwall, contributed money for the amusement of the miners and their families and this undoubtedly cemented friendly relationships between management and labor. Through ingenuity and hard work many of the Cousin Jacks and Micks advanced up through the ranks to become shift bosses and mine captains. In an article, "Michigan's Cornish People," Prof. James Fisher reports that the Cornish miners had the "mathematics of the mole." To support his contention that the Cousin Jack had a "nose for ore," he tells the following delightful incident:

"However did you arrive at your results?" asked a mining engineer with some astonishment on one occasion when a working miner gave him the solution of a problem which he himself had trouble in figuring out with the aid of all the trigonometry at his command. "Why, Sir," replied the man, giving a light nudge to one of his companions, "I tell 'ee I mizured 'im up brave and careful, and I found the length of un was two showl (shovel) hilts, three picks, a mallet, four lil' stones and so far as I cud spit, jus' zackly."<sup>8</sup>

One of the services offered the miners and their families by the mining companies was medical treatment when they were sick or injured. Most of the mines maintained company doctors and hospitals, and for these services deductions were made from the miners' pay each month, fifty cents for single men and one dollar for married men. In 1890 Dr. Arthur F. Fischer, fresh out of the medical school of the University of Michigan, was appointed as assistant to Dr. Flavius J. Downer in the Quincy Mine Dispensary. His salary was \$200 per year plus room and board. He describes his first visit to the dispensary as follows:

My friend Dr. Ford that evening gave me a short introduction to my new surroundings, pointed out the calomel bottle, the box of salts, the

<sup>8</sup>James Fisher, "Michigan's Cornish People," in *Michigan History*, 29:384 (Lansing, 1945).

can of castor oil, the jug of Downers Standard Cough Medicine, and the demijohn of liniment, further the drawer containing tooth forcips (sic) (this introduced me to the fact that I was to be dentist as well as doctor) and another in which was a bone saw, an old army tourniquet and an assortment of knives with tortoise shell handles that closed like a razor. . . .

The Dispensary consisted of two rooms, one quite large, the greater portion of which not taken up by the coal stove was devoted to a waiting room and operating arena. The other portion was supplied with a counter back of which were shelves filled with bottles of medicine. The patients as called would step forward to this counter, relate their ailments before the doctor and the audience and receive advice and medicine according to the merits of the recital.<sup>9</sup>

In the early days most of the mines provided housing for their miners at the rate of \$2.00 per month, deducted from their monthly wages. The company kept the houses in fair repair, replacing broken windows and painting when necessary. In later years the rents were increased at the rate of one dollar per room. From 1870 until the turn of the century the Calumet and Hecla led the way in dealings with the miners, and it is safe to say that the Quincy was no exception among the mining companies that followed its lead. Murdoch says the officials of the other Lake companies "might have aped the strong-arm methods of Butte and Bisbee, if they had not been so intent on running little Calumet & Hecla."

If you lived on company property you rented one of the . . . company houses and paid only six to eight dollars a month in rent. You could build your own house if you preferred, but only on rented land with penalizing clauses in your lease. You could buy land outright . . . and build the house of your choice, but your independence amounted to little more than a gesture. Your home was heated with coal brought on company boats, you washed in water from company pumps, had your dinner under company-made electric light. Even your garbage was carried off in company wagons. . . . The Company penetrated your most private life; more than likely your wife would have your children at the company hospital.<sup>10</sup>

Around 1890 the Quincy joined the rest of the mining companies of the Michigan industry in a program of expansion and cost reduction. The year before the Quincy had increased its capital stock

<sup>9</sup>Dr. A. F. Fischer, "Medical Reminiscences," in *Michigan History*, 7:29-30 (Lansing, 1923).

<sup>10</sup>Murdoch, *Boom Copper*, 153.

to 50,000 shares, the additional funds being used for the purchase of additional property and pushing forward its program of modernization and expansion. In 1890 the Quincy began construction on its own private railroad, known as the Quincy & Torch Lake. When the railroad was complete, it was six miles long and connected with all the shafts and shops at the mine, and the wharves and coalsheds at the mill, besides making connections with the Mineral Range, Hancock & Calumet, and Copper Range Railroads. Six locomotives pushed and pulled 150 hopper cars over a road bed of solid rock ballasting and steel bridges. The hopper cars for ore were of the latest design, having automatic couplers and air-brakes, and the railroad had its own shops and roundhouse near the No. 7 shaft. In 1891 the Quincy acquired the property of the Pewabic Mining Company, which had closed in 1884 and had allowed its charter to lapse. Within two years the Quincy acquired another 640 acres of adjoining mineral land for \$500,000. While the other mining companies were going into the manufacturing end and smelting business, the Quincy continued its policy of buying up and consolidating old mining property. It wasn't until December, 1898, that it finally began smelting in its own furnaces at Hancock.

When business conditions drove the price of copper down in 1891, it took the mining companies, in cooperation with European companies, almost two years to work out a method to reduce production. In 1893 the Quincy joined the American Producers Association. This organization was to deal with a newly organized European Producers Association to formulate plans for curtailing production and raising world copper prices. The two organizations were in a position to control over 75 per cent of the world's output of copper. The monthly allotment of the Quincy was 815,000 pounds of copper and at the end of the year its total production was not to exceed twelve times this figure. These agreements did not last long because the companies were reluctant to come in conflict with the anti-trust laws.

The capital of the Quincy was increased again in 1896 to \$2,500,000, and the next year the Quincy purchased the Mesnard and Pontiac mines for \$38,560. The Quincy was fast becoming a force to be reckoned with in the mining industry, so it was not mere chance that it was one of the targets of a combination of

Thomas Lawson, William Rockefeller, and Henry H. Rogers when they attempted to consolidate the most important copper properties of the United States. Neither the Quincy nor Calumet and Hecla had an inclination to merge with such an association. Before the consolidation plan was abandoned attempts had been made to buy up the controlling interest in the Quincy. That they ran into difficulties when they tried to buy up the shares of the Quincy is readily comprehensible since in 1899 the Quincy produced 14,301,182 lbs. of copper and paid a tremendous dividend of almost one million dollars. By 1905 the Quincy had paid dividends totaling up to \$14,620,000.

Around the turn of the century the amygdaloid mines in the Michigan copper country were getting older and deeper; supporting timbers were drying out and rapidly fed a fire once it started. At the Quincy the shifting of rock around old workings was causing air blasts. Some report that the air blasts caused more alarm than real damage, but the old-timers around Hancock and Houghton tell of windows in the towns being blown out, and the local newspapers gave wide coverage to them when an unfortunate miner was trapped in the mine. Several families who lost their bread-earners in these air blasts would surely dispute the report that there was little damage. The deeper the shafts went the less per cent of copper per ton was being mined by the older amygdaloids, but improved methods and economies managed to offset this decline in copper content. In 1898 the Quincy began doing its own smelting at a reported savings of \$100,000 a year, and by 1900 it had completed a new stamp mill at Torch Lake to reduce further its stamping costs. The Quincy installed an electric haulage system for its underground tramming—the first mine to use electric power underground. Two years after its installation there were fifteen electric locomotives operating on its main drifts.

The deepest shaft at the Quincy in 1904 was some 5,280 feet down on the incline. Miners working on the contract system then were realizing almost 35 per cent more pay than in the early 1880's, while the number of miners employed had nearly tripled. The Quincy continued along its independent ways, with little change in management and scant interest in neighboring mining properties. Its

output in 1904 was 18,343,160 lbs. even with a loss of about three weeks' production, and it accounted for 8.8 per cent of the Michigan total. Two years later the Quincy again embarked upon an expansion program, increased its capital to \$3,750,000, and purchased eight hundred acres of mineral land from the Arcadian Copper Mining Company for a reported \$750,000. This new purchase carried the Pewabic Lode for over a mile and a half in length in its strike line, and made the Quincy now the owner of an aggregate of 29,800 acres of land in the Copper Country.

Between 1905 and 1918 the Quincy paid dividends aggregating \$11,980,000 and reached record production early in the period which it was unable to equal again. In 1909-1911 the Old Reliable produced well over 22 million pounds of copper annually; only twice afterward did it come close to these figures and then only to meet the pressing demands of World War I. This was again a period of much consolidation and integration of Michigan copper mines, and the Quincy continued its policy of buying the lands of neighboring unsuccessful mines. In 1908 the old Franklin Mine property of 325 acres was purchased, and in 1910, 800 acres were bought from the St. Mary's Canal Mineral Land Company. These eight hundred acres of land adjoined the Quincy's property to the north and carried the extension of the Pewabic vein on which the Quincy had so long successfully operated.

This era was also characterized by many rapid technological changes in both the underground and surface departments of the mining industry. The Quincy was not a laggard when it came to improving mining methods. T. A. Rickard, writing about 1905 about the copper mines of the Lake Superior area, uses the Quincy as the most representative mine in the district for a description of the newer methods in use.

The Quincy has seen great changes in mining methods; it is only eight years since the miners went to work underground on a "man engine;" but that ancient abomination is now a dishonored memory, and the old inclines, "crooked as a ram's horn," have been replaced by straight shafts and winding engines of modern design. Capt. Samuel B. Harris, the former manager, and his son, Mr. John L. Harris, present superintendent, have made a great many changes, by way of straightening the

working shafts, putting in double skiproads, and systematizing operations generally.<sup>11</sup>

Straightening the Quincy shafts was quite an undertaking. The No. 7 shaft of the Quincy, sunk under the direction of John L. Harris in the record time of eighteen months to a depth of four thousand feet, had the unusual distinction of following a catenary curve. By following this type of curve in sinking the shaft, Harris eliminated the use of idlers since the rope hung free in the shaft. This reduced friction wear on the rope and the firehazard that accompanied the use of idlers. In sinking this shaft, Harris had crews working at five different levels at the same time, one crew working down from the top while the other four crews raised from four different levels. In the new shafts new hoists were installed which brought skips weighing 8 tons to the surface at a speed of three thousand feet per minute. The machine and blacksmith shops of the Quincy were quite capable, with new machinery, to repair almost any breakdown as well as to construct most of the equipment used in its mining operations. Mining, however, was still being done under contract, with four miners to each contract — two each for every shift of ten hours. The two shifts were separated by two hours for general ventilation and to clear the drifts of smoke due to blasting. Some mass copper was still being found, and as late as 1912 mass copper was reported as accounting for 12 per cent of the Quincy's production. Previous to 1890 mass copper mined at the Quincy made up about 40 per cent of its product.

Mill treatment of the mill-rock, according to Rickard, had not kept pace with the improved mining methods of the region. He says the practice was to drown the ore "with an enormous volume of water, not in the mortar alone, but also in the hydraulic classifiers." This method aided the discharge from under the stamp, and pushed the materials along through "an interminable number of jigs." This type of operation consumed great quantities of water, as is shown by Richard's description of the Quincy's mill pumps.

At the Quincy mill an Allis triple-expansion pumping engine throws 16,000,000 gal. and a Worthington pump 12,000,000; this supply of 28,000,000 gal. is consumed by the eight stamps, of which seven are

<sup>11</sup>T. A. Rickard, *The Copper Mines of Lake Superior*, 62 (New York and London, 1905).

usually at work. There is an overflow of 3,500,000 gal., or sufficient for another stamp—which includes the array of jigs and tables that represent the scheme of treatment.<sup>12</sup>

To prove his point that this stamping method was not the most satisfactory, Rickard points out that at the Quincy a check of the tailing losses indicated an extraction of 83 per cent. Be that as it may, the amygdaloid mines' tailings contained much less lost copper than those of the conglomerates, such as the Calumet and Hecla, which had an extraction averaging only 72 per cent. Although the extraction of copper was higher among the amygdaloids, the Quincy has found it profitable in the past ten or twelve years to rework these old tailings.

Along with the advance in technology in mining operations came trouble with the miners, who were being urged by organizers to join the Western Federation of Miners. Wages in the Michigan field were below those of the western copper fields, but little notice was taken of the fact that house rentals in Michigan were about a fifth of those in Butte, food costs ran about a third less, and fuel prices were one-half less. Before 1913 no union had been able effectively to penetrate the Copper Country of Michigan. Now, the Federation made effective use of the introduction of the one-man drill in 1911 and 1912.

Even the newest, unthinking worker could understand when the Federation explained that the one-man drill would soon put every other miner out of work. The trammers, who labored underground shoveling broken rock and shoving heavy tramcars, were told that now their chance to become higher paid miners was gone forever. In three weeks' time, the one-man drill accomplished more for the Federation than four years of speech-making.<sup>13</sup>

Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, came to the Copper Country in July, 1913, personally to take charge of unionizing the miners. He immediately sent a letter to the mine officials demanding that two men operate a one-man air drill. It is reported that the Quincy superintendent returned Moyer's note "unopened and unread." On July 22, 1913, the strike was on. During the first few days violence broke where the Federation was successful in preventing nonunion miners from working. From that

<sup>12</sup>Rickard, *The Copper Mines of Lake Superior*, 120.

<sup>13</sup>Murdoch, *Boom Copper*, 220.

time on, the miners who didn't go along with the strike and insisted on working made it a practice to fill their pockets with rocks on their way to work. Within a few days the clash became more than the local authorities could handle; by July 27 the National Guard of the state had turned mine sites into armed camps. By the middle of August there was no longer a complete shutdown of the mines. The Quincy was operating again, though it would close intermittently as sporadic violence broke out. This didn't suit the Quincy management and in an attempt to break the strike the Quincy served eviction notices on the strikers living in company houses. This strikebreaking technique was immediately tied up in the courts by injunctions. Not satisfied with protection by the National Guards, the Quincy, intent on breaking the strike, in mid-September began importing strikebreakers from the industrial centers of the East and mid-West. Other mining companies of the area soon followed suit until by October some one thousand two hundred strikebreakers were being employed.

By December it began to look as if the Federation was waging a losing battle. The striking miners were beginning to feel the pangs of hunger and the bitterness of the Copper Country winter. More and more miners were drifting back to work, and with only sporadic violence the strike was fast dying. Then on Christmas Eve a large group of miners and their families gathered in a rented hall at Red Jacket, eagerly awaiting the arrival of the jolly white-bearded gentleman from the north to distribute gifts to the children. From somewhere in the room there came a cry: "FIRE!" There was a mad, panic-stricken dash for the exit. The fire was false but the panic was real. When order again prevailed 18 adults and 56 little children were found at the foot of the stairwell — suffocated by the sheer weight of their bodies. Thoughts of Christmas were soon banished and a rash of accusations followed between Charles H. Moyer and the Citizens Alliance, which had been organized as a third party to aid arbitration between the union and the mining companies. When the Citizens Alliance tried to give \$25,000 to the Federation to provide decent burial for the dead and food for the poverty-stricken families, Moyer refused to accept it and blamed the whole Christmas Eve tragedy on the Alliance. The day after

Christmas a mob pulled Moyer out of his hotel room in Hancock, shot and beat him, then dragged him across the bridge to Houghton. There he was tossed on the Chicago train, and threatened with a public hanging if he ever returned to the Copper Country. This made a martyr of the Federation president and deeply stirred the nation, and in part was responsible for an investigation of the situation by a Congressional committee. In the middle of March, 1914, eight months after Moyer had called the strike, the chairman of the investigating committee made a most fantastic statement: the miners as a whole are not oppressively treated . . . there is little we can do to end the strike. The operators will not employ a single union man. The remaining strikers can go back to work if they surrender their union cards, otherwise they will be compelled to move to some other part of the country to earn a livelihood.<sup>14</sup>

The mines were nearly back to normal by the time the investigation was over, and on April 14, 1914, the last of the union die-hards voted to end the strike. The mining companies made some concessions, but the one-man drill remained. The mine owners had broken the strike and union organization in the Copper Country was set back twenty-five years. The effects of nearly eight-months' shutdown were not immediately felt by the Quincy stockholders, who received dividends of \$415,000 in 1913, but only \$55,000 in 1914.

But the Old Reliable recovered rapidly. During World War I its earnings continued to grow until in 1917 dividends reached the amazing amount of \$1,980,000. The long years of conservative handling of its business had paid the stockholders well; in 1919 the Quincy was still operating under the same management that it had in the 1860's. While most mines in the district had offices in Boston, the Quincy's eastern office had been located in New York City since the company's organization, except for one year, 1873, when Thomas F. Mason had been ousted as president. His successor, Horatio Bigelow, moved the office to Boston. Mason had returned next year as president and had promptly moved the office back to New York City. William R. Todd had served as assistant clerk at the Quincy before 1863, when he had moved to the New York

<sup>14</sup>Murdoch, *Boom Copper*, 228.

office as secretary before succeeding Mason in 1902. His son, W. Parsons Todd, is the present president of the Quincy Mining Company.

By 1921 copper prices had fallen from a high of 27 cents a pound in 1917 to a miserable 12½ cents. The mines in the Copper Country closed down one by one. Even the great Calumet and Hecla threw in the sponge in 1921 and 1922. But not the Old Reliable. Its officials, considering the drop in copper prices as temporary, dug down in the company's coffers to install the largest hoisting engine ever built for a mine. A description of this huge piece of equipment appears in the 1924 edition of *The Keweenaw*:

The hoist operates in balance and is designed to raise a load of 20,000 pounds of rock from a depth of 13,350 feet at a speed of forty miles per hour. The drum is of the cylindroconical type, with a maximum diameter of thirty feet, and weighs 516,000 pounds, exclusive of the shaft. A cross-compound steam engine, with two high-pressure and two low pressure cylinders, one of each on a side, is attached to the cranks of the drum. Each engine is set at forty-five degrees to the vertical. Eight impulses per revolution, together with the great mass of the hoist, eliminate all pulsations in the rope. The condensing equipment is designed to handle 1,460 pounds of steam per trip of 10,000 feet. The total weight of the hoist with condensing equipment is 1,765,000 pounds; the floor space covered is 60 by 54 feet; and the vertical height from the foundation to the top of the drum is 60 feet. The weight of 13,300 feet of one and five eighths inch rope is 55,200 pounds, and the weight of the skip is 10,000 pounds.<sup>15</sup>

With this huge hoist the No. 2 shaft of the Quincy became the pride of the Copper Country. Tourists as well as mining men from all over the world trudged up to the top of Quincy hill to view this miracle of the mining world. Although the new hoist did its work well, it alone couldn't keep the Quincy producing copper at the rate it had fifteen or twenty years earlier. The production rate steadily declined after 1920; huge dividend payments became a thing of the past. The big hoist did hasten the day when the Quincy could claim fame as the deepest mine on the North American continent. Not long after the hoist went into operation the Quincy's miners were probing into the earth some nine thousand feet on the incline or between 6,200 and 6,400 feet straight down.

<sup>15</sup>"The Quincy and Pewabic Mines," in *The Nineteen Twenty Four Keweenaw*, 254 (Michigan College of Mines, Houghton, 1924).

In the "roaring twenties" the Quincy faced stiff competition from the western field while it was paying higher prices for labor and supplies. Higher costs ran expenses well over the western competitors' 9.73 cents per pound. Extensive exploration in 1928 ran Quincy costs for refined copper to 72.401 cents. Coupled with the Quincy's now low copper content per ton of ore mined these higher costs put the company at a very severe disadvantage. By the time of the financial collapse in 1929 the Quincy could no longer plod along in its accustomed and hitherto profitable style.

The Old Reliable was in such difficult straits during the depths of the depression that, after uninterrupted operation of more than 83 years, it was forced to close down its shafts in September 1931. At the time of its closing the Quincy had ore reserves of two million tons of copper rock developed and an additional four million tons partly developed in the lower levels of the mine. It wasn't until January, 1937, that the Quincy tried to make its comeback, which was beset with many trials and tribulations until it finally closed again in 1945. By March, 1937, it began producing copper at a steadily increasing rate and by the end of the year had produced 4,244,528 lbs.

The reopening of the Quincy . . . bore more resemblance to a quilting bee than to the resurrection of a once great mine. The superintendent borrowed a little coal from C. & H., a little equipment here and there and managed to get enough credit to buy a new hoisting cable. Then operations began on a scale which led copper country wags to call the Quincy the "underground W.P.A." Only a comparative handful of miners were hired, and they piled out of the man car wondering if they would be going down to work again the next day. There were no busy crews of maintenance men, no geologist or engineers, exploring the drifts and laying out work for years to come.<sup>16</sup>

A mere handful of miners it must have been, for the Old Reliable which alone had produced over 22½ million pounds of copper in 1910 could produce only a little over 12½ million pounds during the first two years of its resurrection. While the Quincy wasn't setting any new production records it was far from being through, and in response to World War II copper prices of 11 and 12 cents per pound it combined with Isle Royale mine across the lake to produce 15 per cent of the copper mined in Michigan in 1941.

<sup>16</sup>Murdoch, *Boom Copper*, 239.

But the Quincy was not to be allowed to rise again in the world of copper giants without a struggle. Early in 1941 it was operating under a union contract. This was the beginning of the Quincy's new troubles, for no sooner had the union been certified as bargaining agent, than the problem arose of the inability of the Quincy to grant wage increases. Up to that time the Quincy had been operating under an informal agreement between the government and the producers to stabilize copper prices at 11.8 cents per pound. This was insufficient for the Quincy to meet the demands of the union, and when the workers voted to strike for higher wages in February, 1941, the situation was brought to a head. A ninety-day truce was worked out between the company and the union while an appeal was made to the Federal government for a subsidy to satisfy both labor and management. Since higher wages were a necessity if employment was to be increased on a long-run basis, early in September, 1941, the Metals Reserve Company began purchasing copper at 15 cents a pound, and a month later signed a contract with the Quincy on a sort of cost-plus basis which would allow a dollar a day increase to the miners and give the company a profit of a cent per pound.

In 1942 the premium price plan of the government was put into effect, allowing a five cent premium on copper produced over the 1941 production. This plan only caused the Quincy more trouble with the union, which demanded wages equal to those of the neighboring Calumet and Hecla mines. In 1943, when the war labor board ordered substantial increases in wages to the copper miners, a new metals reserve contract was drawn up for the Quincy, retroactive to the first of the year. This new contract allowed a profit per pound based on the cost production per pound forecast on a six-month basis. This special contract with the Quincy expired at the end of August, 1945, and the Quincy was thrown back on the premium price plan.

Under the premium price plan the Quincy had to accept a flat 17 cents per pound, which, with increased labor costs, was unprofitable. After almost a century of continuous operation the Old Reliable was forced to close down its mining activities on the first of September, 1945. Was this to be the end of one of the most famous and greatest mines on the North American continent? No,

not quite. The Quincy was still to produce copper, in a somewhat backhanded fashion. The tailings of the Quincy in Torch Lake were discovered to contain enough copper to have commercial value and with a loan from the Metals Reserve Company the Quincy reclamation plant was opened in November, 1943. A little less than four years later the Quincy had paid off the loan with interest, and by 1953 had produced 53,174,891 lbs. of copper from these old tailings. Thus while the Quincy Mine itself is not producing copper, the reclamation of its old tailings is still producing a profit for the company. Its smelter at Ripley, built in 1898 and revitalized in 1937, is still in operation, refining copper from the Quincy reclamation plant and from that of the Copper Range Company's nearby mines.

Though the Quincy mine is closed and some of its shaft and rock houses have been torn down, across Portage Lake from Houghton you can still see its ore cars lining the top of Quincy Hill, rusting reminders of a glorious past. And any Copper Country citizen will tell you that there is still plenty of copper down in the bowels of the Quincy. They also will point out with undisguised pride that the Quincy paid over 27 million dollars in dividends to its stockholders; that the no. 2 shaft house contains the biggest hoist ever built for a mine; that the Quincy is close to 10,000 feet on the incline and between 6,200 and 6,400 feet straight down; that there are 91 levels in the mine and hundreds of miles of railroad tracks underground. In the summer of 1955, ten years after the Quincy closed down, almost to the day, the price of copper soared to the fantastic figure of 45 cents per pound. Rosy visions of 50-cent copper clouded the eyes of the local citizens, and some of the most ardent visualized the Quincy again arising in the copper world. The people of the Copper Country began clamoring for the reopening of the Quincy Mine.

At the top of Vivian Street in Hancock is an old adit that runs about 2400 feet straight back into the side of Quincy hill. This adit was opened up in 1896 to carry water from the 7th level of the No. 5 shaft. In October, 1955, work was commenced in this old adit and rumors flew around the Copper Country that the Quincy was making preparations for reopening. James McKie, the present superintendent of the Quincy Mine, reports that the

opening of this adit was done for two purposes: to explore foot lodes, and to make sure it was open for proper drainage. In June, 1956, I interviewed Mr. McKie about this adit, and he said in some places the ceiling had come down to reduce the opening to about 4½ feet, but that it was now open, with tracks laid all the way back to the shaft. He was noncommittal on exploration work. When I visited this adit there were two men working that I could see. The work was being done by hand; they hand-pushed the little tram car out after it was loaded with muck. If these two men are the only underground workers employed by the Quincy Mining Company, it is still an increase of 50 per cent over September, 1952, when the Quincy is reported to have employed only one underground worker, but a far cry from the number employed underground when James McKie first came to the Quincy as underground superintendent in 1929.

The Quincy Mining Company is still a going concern, owning some 4,300 acres of land in the center of the Lake copper district; stamp mills which at one time produced 4,700 tons daily are still on the property. Besides the lands owned in the Michigan Copper Country the Quincy owns three large buildings in New York. The company still has its efficient management and the know-how so if copper prices continue to rise, the ardent oldtimers say it is not too far-fetched to visualize the resurrection of the Old Reliable.

## Michigan News

MUCH ACTIVITY HAS BEEN NOTED the past several months on the part of local and county historical societies. Several new organizations have been completed. In the Upper Peninsula the Michilimackinac Historical Society of St. Ignace, newly organized on March 26, 1957, elected Emerson R. Smith, president; Mrs. Lillie McNamara, vice president; and Mrs. Rosemary Bentgen, secretary-treasurer. The society among its activities has produced a "Study of Fort de Buade," and has in preparation a historical book dealing with the area's history before the bridge. Other projects to be studied include the Gros Cap Indian settlement and the St. Ignace Portage Trail leading to it, and pioneer families. The historical book, *Before the Bridge*, commemorating the opening of the Mackinac Bridge will include the history of St. Ignace and surrounding area, the Mackinac Bridge story by Prentiss M. Brown, a directory of St. Ignace and nearby localities (from Rabbits Back to Pointe Aux Chenes); and a street and road map of St. Ignace and adjoining areas. Copies may be ordered from the Kiwanis Club, Post Office Box 313, St. Ignace.

The Isabella County Historical Society was formally organized in February with Walter W. Russel of Mt. Pleasant, as president; Arthur Grim, Shepherd publisher, as vice president; Miss Elsa Struble, Mt. Pleasant librarian, as secretary; and Phil Collins of Mt. Pleasant as treasurer.

The Baragaland Historical Society was organized this past year for the purpose of promoting study in the history of the Catholic church in the area where Frederic Baraga (1797-1868), first Bishop of Marquette, served. Source materials collected by the Diocese of Marquette will afford scholars valuable information on the history of that region. The officers of the new organization are: the most Reverend Thomas L. Noa, Bishop of Marquette, honorary president; David Gass of Marquette, president; and Joseph Gill of Wakefield, secretary-treasurer. Charter members include Victory F. Lemmer, past president of the Historical Society of Michigan, Joseph Gregorich, historian of the Bishop Baraga Association, and Father Charles J. Carmody of St. Thomas the Apostle Church, Escanaba.

Readers interested in the preservation of cemetery stones and records will find the review of *The Old Dutch Burying Ground of Sleepy Hollow* in this issue of interest. The sponsors of the book inform us that they would be happy to send a free copy to any responsible parish or civic group in charge of cemetery care who may be interested in the problem of tombstone preservation. Address request to Perry, Shaw, Hepburn, and Dean, Architects, 955 Park Square Building, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

THE MARQUETTE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, which will be host to the Eighth Annual Upper Peninsula Historical Conference in August, 1957, offers its visitors an attractive pioneer home. The Burt House built in 1858 and restored in 1955 by the Marquette County Historical Society, to quote that society's pamphlet, is a:

little stone house . . . built almost a hundred years ago by John Burt, inventor and pioneer Marquette businessman, as a warehouse and clerk's office in connection with the Burt Brothers' sandstone quarry about half a mile south of here. The thick stone walls and small attic windows, like the house of Injun-fighting days, gave it locally the name of the "The Fort," although the Indians whose wigwams lined the lake shore nearby, were always peaceable except when full of firewater.

There are only two downstairs rooms, a necessary root cellar, and an attic which had to serve for everything. The open fireplace, modeled after an old French-Canadian pattern, did for cooking and heating; and the bed in the parlor was the big show-off piece; while children, guests, and out-of-season tools went up the ladder to the loft. Apples, potatoes, liquor, and preserves to last six months of winter filled the cellar. For water you went to the creek that still runs through a neighbor's yard across the street, and in the long dark winter days folks played checkers by the light of the fire, like Abe Lincoln, rather than be extravagant in the use of their precious candles.

MRS. WILSON W. MILLS of Grosse Pointe was elected president of the Detroit Historical Society February 11. Mrs. Mills is the only living child of former Governor Hazen S. Pingree. Other officers elected were: Marquis E. Shattuck, first vice president; Charles F. Delbridge, Jr., second vice president; Miss Julia M. Hubbard, third vice president; Thomas D. Leadbetter, secretary; Gustave A. Wellensick, treasurer; John W. Taylor, historian; and George W. Stark, managing director.



JOHN BURT HOUSE, MRS. CARROLL PAUL (RIGHT)



THE JOHN BURT HOUSE

THE FOURTH ANNUAL MICHIGAN WEEK, May 19-25, 1957, with nearly four thousand citizens working on committees in every county and community throughout the state, under the general chairmanship of K. T. Keller, was observed with a profuse and rich program. Dr. Harlan Hatcher, president of the University of Michigan, was chairman of the cultural activities board which set up programs in the fields of architecture, community theatre, fine arts, literature, folklore, music, and history.

A list of speakers qualified to speak on Michigan history was prepared and made available to organizations; and a summary of procedures for stimulating interest in historical pageants, preparing a pageant, and staging a pageant was prepared for schools and organizations. Tape recordings of interviews with senior citizens relating their recollections of pioneer days were made. Around twenty dedications of historic sites markers were scheduled during the week. Special church services, mayor exchanges, school activities with cultural and recreational programs, pageants, exhibits, contests, window displays, and business publications, all were geared to better acquaint the state's seven and one-half million citizens with the many advantages and resources of the state as a great place to live, work, and play. Every Michiganiaan has a deeper realization of the slogan: It's Great to Live in Michigan.

## Book Reviews and Notes

*Machines That Built America.* By Roger Burlingame. (New York, New American Library of World Literature, Inc., Paper-bound Signet Key Book. 1955. 161 p. Index. \$.35.)

*Henry Ford.* By Roger Burlingame. viii, 194 p. (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1955. Index. \$2.50.) (New York, New American Library of World Literature, Inc., 1957. Paper-bound Signet Key Book. \$.25.)

*Henry's Wonderful Model T, 1908-1927.* By Floyd Clymer. (New York, McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., 1955. 222 p. Illustrations. \$5.95.)

*Tin Lizzie—the Story of the Fabulous Model T Ford.* By Philip VanDoren Stern. (New York, Simon and Schuster, 1955. 180 p. Illustrations and index. \$3.95.)

Emerson observed more than a century ago that "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind." These words seem particularly applicable to the last century and a half of American life—although they tell only part of the story. Today we are separated from the founding fathers of this republic by a wide gulf, a gulf created in large part by a continuing technological revolution of whose character and consequences we are becoming more and more conscious. At present enormous interest, both scholarly and popular, centers on the industrial transformation which has occurred since we became a nation. The books reviewed here are all concerned with that transformation.

Roger Burlingame is a veteran in the field. In *Machines That Built America*, he tells simply and briefly the story of mass production in the United States by describing the work of such men as Oliver Evans, who operated "what was probably the first continuous automatic production line in history"; Eli Whitney, the father of the interchangeable parts system, "the greatest single invention in the history of mass production"; Samuel Slater, Elisha King Root, Samuel Colt, Isaac Merrit Singer, and Henry Ford, the man who brought the American System to its full flowering. Mr. Burlingame finds the imperatives of technological change in America in the necessities occasioned by rapid expansion over a vast area and in the American democratic creed which has made technology serve the common man. His tale is one of interrelationship and interaction. A New Englander finds the answer to a problem facing

producers of cotton and at the same time makes possible the growth of a New England industry; the frontier demand for axes creates an industry in New England; a Virginian makes it possible for western farmers to plant more wheat. The book celebrates, however, not so much individual initiative and enterprise as the triumph of the assembly line. Always the American environment is the dynamic factor which makes necessary and possible a Whitney, a Singer, or a Ford.

The men who have contributed most to the development of mass production are, Mr. Burlingame thinks, Eli Whitney and Henry Ford. In *Machines That Built America* the automobile is described as "the machine to which every step of our productive process has led." It is fitting, therefore, that Mr. Burlingame should also be the biographer of Henry Ford. Ford, now dead for a decade, is an American legend. Many articles and books about him appeared before his death and more have appeared since; one may predict with confidence that there will be many more. The Ford Company Archives, open to historians, contains a wealth of unpublished material which is only beginning to be exploited. Mr. Burlingame says that perhaps it will be another fifty years before a definitive biography can be written and that some of the mysteries may never be solved. Meanwhile we can be grateful to men like him who are willing to give us a partial portrait. The present biography is based chiefly on other books about Ford and his company, and is a worthy member of the excellent Knopf series of biographies, *Great Lives in Brief*.

Ford is of interest for two reasons. He was, as the author says, "a great historic fact." He played a leading role in making the United States what it is today. We cannot escape him. But he was also a fascinating human being, a man of many contradictions. Although the biographer thinks very highly indeed of Ford as an industrial innovator, the book is no eulogy. We are given an honest, if limited, portrait, with the warts on. A psychologist would doubtless give us a somewhat different picture. Anyone who reads this book will want to go further. There are many opportunities. The writer gives us a useful bibliographical essay in which he assesses the Ford literature with which he is familiar.

No machine in our history has occupied such a place as the automobile, and no automobile has won such fame as Ford's Model T. Fifteen million model T's had been sold before production ceased in 1927. Thirty years later some of them are still on the roads, and the rest, though gone, are not forgotten. They have become an imperishable part of American history and folklore. Within recent years a model T cult has grown up. Men seek out old cars, spend long hours restoring them to their pristine glory, seek patiently for parts replacements, pore over a growing mass of literature, take part in contests and festivals, cherish and accumulate information of every sort about their favorite antique.

The books by Mr. Clymer and Mr. Stern will appeal to both the devotees and a larger group interested in a popular presentation of economic and social history. The general reader will be interested in the lavish display of photographs and by the readable, amusing, and informative text. The devotee will be glad to have detailed information concerning the year by year changes in the model T (contrary to the popular view, it did change, and at the beginning and the end of its career it was available in colors other than black), in instructions on the restoration of machines, and in tables of serial numbers.

Floyd Clymer has devoted much of his life to automobiles. Half a century ago Theodore Roosevelt described him as "the youngest automobile salesman" in America. Today he writes and publishes books dealing with the history of the automobile. His book is the more elaborate (and the more expensive) of the two. It includes, for example, many pages of detailed diagrams which the other lacks. A model T devotee who has Mr. Stearn's book will want to possess Mr. Clymer's also; anyone less than a devotee will be content with either.

*Michigan State University*

HARRY BROWN

*The Story of Willow Run.* By Marion F. Wilson. (Ann Arbor, The University of Michigan Press, 1956. 138 p. Illustrations. \$3.00.)

Having once been a resident of Willow Run myself, this readable and well-illustrated book has a special appeal. Miss Wilson is sentimental about Willow Run—so am I. Yet hardly anyone would fail to agree that the story of Willow Run is an inspiring one—a story of pioneering, of accomplishment, of courage, and above all the tale of people from all creeds and colors and walks of life adjusting to difficult circumstances, to strange surroundings, and to each other.

Willow Run was the result of the government's effort to provide temporary housing for workers employed in the great bomber plant near Ypsilanti. Constructed in the most economical fashion of war-time substitutes for scarce building materials, the village was not a thing of beauty. In fact, one viewing the barracks-type units for the first time felt a deep depression. Yet it had a beauty of spirit, a fine sense of pride in its usefulness, brought on by the sincere conviction of its inhabitants that they were contributing directly to the war effort. And few contributed more directly than in the building of B-24 bombers.

Scheduled to be torn down after the war, it was urgently needed to provide housing for returning veterans and their families, many of whom were students at Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor. The story of how these veterans turned the temporary dwellings into homes and the ever-

fluctuating population into a cohesive community vies in excitement with the drama of the village in wartime years. There were more than a few of its residents who struggled with Browning's poetry, Wilson's foreign policy, and calculus over the cries of the neighbor's baby that drifted through the paper-thin walls. This may have been a hard way to get an education, but the unsung heroes were the young wives who started housekeeping with temperamental plumbing, coal heating stoves, and an unending process of improvising something out of nothing. We can sympathize with the young Southern bride in her effort to make traditional breakfast biscuits on a strange coal cook stove.

But the feeling of accomplishment far outweighed these struggles, and the realization that his problems were not unique developed in the individual a fine community spirit of cooperation. There were few who did not realize that without inexpensive housing, education would have had to be put off — probably forever.

The author, Marion F. Wilson, served during the war as assistant housing manager at Willow Run. She has seen the growth of the community and has helped direct its many activities, not the least of which was the development of an outstanding school system. Miss Wilson obviously enjoys her work, and her fine writing ability enables her to convey this story to others.

Michigan Historical Museum

EUGENE T. PETERSEN

*Kitchi-Gami. Wanderings Round Lake Superior.* By J. G. Kohl with introduction by Russell W. Fridley. (Minneapolis, Minnesota, Ross and Haines, Inc., 1956. 428 p. Illustrations. \$8.75.)

*Kitchi-Gami. Wanderings Round Lake Superior*, by Johann Georg Kohl, is a first-hand account of the author's sojourn with Chippewa Indians on the southern shore of Lake Superior in 1855. It was first published in Bremmen, Germany, in 1859, and in 1860 was translated into English by Lascelles Wraxall. The English edition has now been reprinted in a limited edition of fifteen hundred numbered copies with a new and timely introduction by Russell Fridley, director of the Minnesota Historical Society. Unfortunately, this reprint was taken from the English translation of *Kitchi-Gami*, which omits considerable portions of Kohl's original text.

Johann Kohl was born in Bremmen, Germany, in 1808, the son of a prosperous merchant. He became a trained geographer and spent much of his early life traveling in Europe in pursuit of historical and geographical information. He wrote numerous books about his travels in Austria, Russia, Ireland, and Scotland; and had already attained a reputation as a scholar and writer before he came to the United States in 1854 to pursue a study of American cartography. Kohl remained

in the United States until 1858 before returning to his native Bremen to become city librarian. During these four years he traveled extensively through Canada and the United States and published six volumes about his travels. *Kitchi-Gami. Wanderings Round Lake Superior* is perhaps the most important of these.

During his year's visit in the Lake Superior region, Kohl lived with various bands of Chippewas at La Pointe, Keweenaw Peninsula, L'Anse and Sault Ste Marie. Although he presented a somewhat romanticized view of Indian life, Kohl balanced this with candid descriptions of the hardships and brutality of these savages. He was sincerely interested in the habits and customs of the Chippewa, and he wrote about them with compassion and understanding. Of particular interest to Kohl were the Indian legends. He listened attentively to Indian storytellers; in fact, he complained that the nights were too short for him to fully enjoy this pastime. Reproductions of Indian picture-writing add interest to the volume.

*Kitchi-Gami* remains one of the definitive works on the Chippewa Indians, and in the words of Thomas Field, the great bibliographer of books concerning the American Indian, "is one of the most exhaustive and valuable treatises on Indian Life ever written."

Michigan Historical Commission

PHILIP P. MASON

*The Island Serf*, a small booklet of "Lyrical Tales of Mackinac Island, Michigan", authored, illustrated, and published by Peter J. Reardon, is a whimsical and delightful verse of watching the Grand Hotel—all alone. Single copies \$1.00, 10 copies \$7.50, may be secured from the author, Peter J. Reardon, 506 N. Dean Street, Bay City.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE RESEARCH STUDY, "A Union List of Newspapers Published in Michigan Based on the Principal Newspaper Collections in the State, with Notes Concerning Papers Not Located" by Elizabeth Read Brown (see *Michigan History*, December, 1955) has, through the efforts of Mrs. Esther Loughin of the Michigan State Library staff, recently been microfilmed. These copies will be in the Burton Historical Collection of the Detroit Public Library, the Michigan Historical Collections at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, and the Clark Collection in Central Michigan College at Mt. Pleasant. According to Mrs. Loughin, the negative will be on file at the University Microfilms in Ann Arbor, so that other libraries can obtain film copies. These copies are in addition to a carbon copy deposited with the Michigan State Library at Lansing which is available for interlibrary loan.

*A History of Union Congregational Church, 1836-1955*, by Ethel S. Cady, is more than the history of an individual church. It depicts the problems of existence, the means of travel, the beginnings of present day cities, as well as biographical sketches of the people connected with the life of the church. Michigan people will be particularly interested in chapter IV which tells the story of the Reverend Jeremiah Porter who previous to his Chicago and Green Bay pastorates had spent a successful period at Sault Ste Marie. Parts of the *Journal* which Porter kept on his Michigan experiences have been printed in *Michigan History*, 30:466-75 (July-September, 1946), and 38:322-70 (December, 1954).

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO and the University of Virginia are sponsoring the publication of a new and complete edition of the papers of James Madison. The editors will appreciate information about the location of letters by or to James Madison or his wife, especially letters in private possession or among uncalendared manuscripts in the collections of public or private institutions. Please address The Papers of James Madison, 1126 East 59th Street, Chicago 37, Illinois.

*Sand, Sawdust, and Saw Logs: Lumber Days in Ludington.* By Frances Caswell Hanna. (Ann Arbor, Edwards Brothers, Inc., 1955. 73 p. Illustrations. \$1.50.)

The urge to write an account of the beginnings and the development of his community has come to many a Michigan resident at one time or another. Such persons are stimulated by the realization that the number of people able to remember the events and conditions of earlier eras is constantly and inexorably decreasing. They realize, too, that these memories are important for much that is needed for the record was never put in written form, and of that which was written a goodly part has been lost or has become unusable. These historically sensitive citizens are goaded by a feeling that they owe it to themselves, their children, their communities, and the pioneers to see that the record of the early years is made more nearly permanent.

Unfortunately this call to authorship often fades rapidly as the would-be historian learns that research is hard and time consuming, and that good writing is even harder. Too often, also, the person responding to the urge is trapped by trivia or by family and community pride into unhistorical paths. It is difficult to maintain balance and proportion while writing about one's own locality and his own forebearers. It requires definite ability to resurrect through the medium of words a lumber town of two generations or more ago doing it so well that the person who has no memories of the pioneer days can visualize the first houses, the sawdust covered streets, the expanding circles of cut-over

land, the primitive processes of turning resources into usable wealth, the personal disasters, the formation of small-town society, and the tragedy of the decline and failure of a major industry.

Frances Caswell Hanna felt this urge, accepted the challenge, and persevered to a successful reconstruction of Ludington's past within the limits she set for herself. She has added a good little volume to the list of useful histories of Michigan communities. *Sand, Sawdust and Saw Logs* is a friendly, human account of Ludington from the beginning of permanent white settlement to the days of the harsh economic readjustment just after the close of the nineteenth century.

With a concern for the needs of the person who is not familiar with the outlines of Michigan history the first four pages, with large and generalized strokes, paint in the Indian and French background of the Ludington story. Then the reader meets such early settlers as the Burr Caswell family, Amabel Cowen, Charles Mears, and many others. Frances Caswell Hanna, the author, does not specifically identify herself with these Caswells though her text shows an intimate identification with the early times, and though she put her full name on the title page.

The book has something to say about the beginnings of cultivation, the first stores, the early mills, the development of transportation, the opening of the harbor. Materials are included on the founding of important families, the great mills, the deal concerning the naming of the town, the contest for the county seat, the growth and shifts in the population, the appearances of the town at different stages, the stresses caused by the decline in the lumber industry, and the efforts of the citizens to keep Ludington from becoming a ghost town lost among pine stumps.

The ten illustrations in the book are well chosen. The reproduction of some of them is poor, probably because the original sketch or photograph has faded with the years. A sketch map would be useful in this sort of book. To have the locations of the several little settlements indicated and to have the arrangements of the harbor depicted would help the reader who might be unfamiliar with the Ludington region keep himself oriented. Among her acknowledgements the author cites the unique diorama of Jacob Lunde. This series of drawings would be of great help to anyone wanting to prepare a map of the harbor at the mouth of the Pere Marquette.

*Sand, Sawdust and Saw Logs* contains no bibliography, no footnotes, and no formal list of sources. In her text, however, Frances Caswell Hanna mentions diaries, account books, newspapers, official records, and interviews frequently enough so that there is no doubt that there was ample research to build a firm foundation for the work. The author makes no pretense of having sought to please the scholars. Rather she hoped to be accepted by "those readers who enjoy the

flavor of by-gone days". This she has done very well, and more. Someone else can write a more formal and detailed history of Ludington later on.

Central Michigan College

RICHARD L. WYSONG

*Conquering the Frontier: A Biography and History of One Branch of the Ball Family.* By Roy Hutton Ball. (Oklahoma City, Semco Color Press, 1956. 112 p. Illustrations.)

Here is another documentation of that tremendous population sweep which burst across the Appalachians into the Ohio valley, and streamed thence across Indiana and Illinois to the lands beyond the Mississippi, where, after a pause to settle Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas, its further generations moved on into the newly-opened Great Plains, and even now are helping California to rival New York in population. The founder of this Ball family, immigrant from Ireland but shortly before the Revolution, participated in the Revolutionary action, and then moved on to Kentucky with his growing family. Many of his descendants are still in the Nelson County area of that state, but most of his children moved on into Indiana. So from generation to generation the wave proceeded, leaving its colonies of Balls across the face of the nation, as for example that one in Oklahoma of which the book's author is a member.

Roy H. Ball has evidently spent a tremendous amount of time and affection on the project of producing a genealogy of this particular Ball family. He has combed local and national records, visited numbers of newly-discovered relatives, and garnered newspaper reports, old letters, diaries, and memoirs which cast light upon the origins and history of his clan. His statement "to compile a permanent record . . . regarding this one branch of the Ball family" fails to convey the sense of wholeness and devotion to the American way of life which patently motivates him; it is in this spirit that he scatters among his pages short selections of verse which enshrine his idealism.

There are interesting sidelights even for those of us not related to this branch of the Balls. The whole problem of the alleged Ball estate in Philadelphia typifies part of the American yearning for the rich past, even if in the crass form of wealth. The photographs, grouped at the end of the text, form a commentary in themselves upon the dress, housing, and manners of Americans since the Revolution. It will be a matter of some disappointment to Michigan readers that apparently no scions of this family settled in the Wolverine state.

The trained genealogist will regret two aspects of the book's arrangement: one is the problem of general arrangement. Perhaps because the author chose to see this primarily as a running textual account

rather than as a record, the typographical make-up of the book makes it difficult to locate logical divisions and types of material. A different use of capitals, indentation, break marks, et cetera would have made the book a more useful tool. The effect of this drawback is intensified by the fact that neither an index of any sort nor detailed table of contents has been provided.

The production of this book is one more encouraging sign of the revival of interest on the part of Americans in general in their familial past. If each family could take upon itself the pleasurable task of gathering such data as Mr. Ball has done for his, our people would have at once the joy of a new pursuit and the incalculable advantage of re-establishing firm contact with the roots of the American Dream.

Michigan State University

JOSEPH L. DRUSE

*The Old Dutch Burying Ground of Sleepy Hollow in North Tarrytown, New York.* Edited by William G. Perry. (Boston, Rand Press, 1953. 175 p. Illustrations, map, and index.)

This book has a double aim: to form a complete record of all tombstone inscriptions before 1860 in the specified graveyard, and to summarize the methods and results of an attempt at the preservation of historic but decaying stones. Keenly aware of the historic and literary importance which attaches to this area, especially in terms of Washington Irving, William G. Perry saw the burying ground as a symbol of the placid and solid contribution of the Dutch to our land; and the restoration of its stones seemed imperative.

The book which results is a masterpiece of its kind. Not only is the vital data for each of the deceased printed, but also the accompanying inscriptions with their quaint verse. The more interesting tombstones with their often-beautiful carvings have been photographed and included, and the map of the cemetery is enviable in its precision and distinctness. There is a fine index (married women are included under both their fathers' and their husbands' family names) which makes simple the use of the book by the genealogist. Although the only Van Winkle stone (perhaps of the central family of the *Legend*?) has disappeared, a rubbing made at an earlier date has been printed; it should have been included in the otherwise unimpeachable index. I, for one, would have liked a photograph of the earliest stone (Elizabeth Guion, 1755). Mr. Perry describes the transition from the use of the Dutch tongue to that of the English somewhat unfortunately as "rejection of a foreign tongue"; "acceptance of the language of the majority" would have been more precise.

The "introduction" deserves to be put in the hands of all custodians of graveyards, and one might wish that such care as this Boston archi-

tect lavished upon the older stones' restoration might be imitated elsewhere. The name of the patron and moving spirit of this act of piety to our forebears, William Graves Perry, of right should be bruited more widely about in historical circles; we stand in his debt for both example and publication.

*Michigan State University*

JOSEPH L. DRUSE

Volume 1, number 1, of *Idaho Yesterdays*, quarterly journal of the Idaho Historical Society with headquarters in the State Historical Museum in Julia Davis Park in Boise, is just off the press. Membership in the society includes subscription to the magazine. The first issue of thirty-two pages contains an article on the "Utah Northern Railroad," "Yarns of Pierce in the 1890's," "The Boyhood Background of William Henson Wallace," "The Twenty-fifth Biennial Report of the Idaho Historical Society—1955-56," and reviews of books covering that area. We wish the new publication much success.

The March issue of the *Michigan Archaeologist*, quarterly publication of the Michigan Archaeological Society, with an editorial board of Dr. E. F. Greenman as editor-in-chief, and Dr. Ruth Herrick and Harold W. Moll, should prove of interest to the historian as well as the archaeologist. In its twenty-two pages it encompasses a variety of material. The table of contents lists the following articles: "Not yet gone, but going"; "Two unusual 'Birdstones' from Michigan—Ronald Mason"; "Recent Literature"; "Punishment among the Indians—J. Foster Otto"; "Report on a burial in Montcalm County—Dr. Ruth Herrick"; "Riviere au Vase site. A preliminary report—E. F. Greenman"; "Michigan in the 1680's—Baron Lahontan"; and "Ancient Forts in Ogemaw County—M. L. Leach".

## Contributors

Sexson E. Humphreys is associate professor of journalism at Ohio University, Athens, in the county west of where Lewis Cass, Jr. was born. Dr. Humphreys has written several articles on Italian-American diplomatic relations of a century ago. His "Lewis Cass, Jr. and the Roman Republic of 1849," appeared in the March, 1956 issue of *Michigan History*.

Milo M. Quaife, nationally known as the editor of Bobbs-Merrill's, *The American Lake Series*, and the *Lakeside Classics*, is the author of many booklets and monographs on the history of Michigan. In 1948 he was coauthor of the textbook: *Michigan: From Primitive Wilderness to Industrial Commonwealth*; and in 1955, *River of Destiny: The St. Marys*.

Mary Etta Simonton O'Neil, a native Michiganiaan of close to ninety years, has traveled much throughout the states since the retirement of her husband in 1935. Widowed in 1945, she returned to Michigan and enjoys a close association with the families of her two sons and their children. She maintains an active membership in an amateur writing club.

Clint Dunathan is managing editor of the Escanaba *Daily Press*, which two years ago was cited by the Historical Society of Michigan for its presentation of "materials of historical nature as a public service to its readers." He came to Michigan as a young boy with his parents who settled in the Upper Peninsula. He writes: "My delight at Fayette's scenic beauty and interesting history have fascinated me since I first saw the place sixteen years ago."

Dr. George May is historic sites specialist on the staff of the Michigan Historical Commission.

In 1953, after eleven years in the army, William H. Pyne decided to resign and go to college. He graduated in January, 1957, from Western Michigan College, *cum laude*, with majors in English and social science and is now teaching English at Gobles High School. It was while he was stationed at Houghton that he became interested in the Quincy Mine, and his article is the result of an expanded term paper.

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The Historical Society of Michigan is an organization maintained and managed by Michigan citizens who are interested in the history of their state. It includes teachers, business men, professional people, and others who write history, study history, or just enjoy reading history. Its purpose is to encourage historical research and publication and to foster local historical societies throughout the state. Membership dues to individuals, libraries, and institutions are \$5.00 per year. *Michigan History* is sent to each member.

The Michigan Historical Commission is an official state body, consisting of six members appointed by the Governor. It was first established by an act of the legislature in 1913. The Commission is custodian of the state's archives; it compiles, edits, and publishes Michigan materials; and seeks to cultivate, through the Historical Society of Michigan and other groups, a continuing interest in the history of Michigan from the early times to the present.

*Michigan History* is a quarterly journal containing articles by qualified writers on Michigan subjects, reviews of books related to Michigan and its past and, news of historical activities in the state. Contributions are invited. Manuscripts should be submitted to the Editor, Michigan Historical Commission, Lansing 13, Michigan.

The Commission maintains at Lansing the Michigan Historical Museum, a rich storehouse of artifacts and documents related to the history of the state.

Among the activities of the Commission and the Society are the following: an annual meeting is held each year in the fall, at which tours and talks on Michiganiana are enjoyed; books and pamphlets are published from time to time; a conference on the teaching of Michigan materials is held annually; historical celebrations are encouraged in various parts of the state; a program of marking historical places is sponsored; guidance is provided to local governmental and state agencies on the destruction of useless records and the preservation of records having historical value.